THE

Boudoir Sewing Machine.

DANIEL HARRIS, INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.

The *public guaranteed* under a *recommendation* and *license* from Elias Howe, Jr., I. M. Singer & Co., Grover and Baker Sewing Machine Co., and Wheeler and Wilson Manufacturing Co., dated August 10, 1857.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 43 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
BRANCH OFFICE, 473 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The above Machine is offered to the public as the most reliable low priced, single thread Sewing Machine in use. It will sew from six to fifty stitches to an inch on all kinds of woolen, linen, silk and cotton goods from coarse bagging to finest cambrics. It is without exception the simplest in its mechanical construction ever made, and can be easily run and kept in order by any child twelve years of age of ordinary capacity. The quality of the work is not surpassed by that of any other single thread machine—its speed limited only by the individual's power of driving it, ranging from three hundred to fifteen hundred stitches per minute—its durability equal to that of any other machine—the seam made is smooth, even and firm, very elastic, and consequently is not liable to break in washing and ironing—the thread or silk used is taken directly from the spools on which it is purchased without re-winding; in fact it is a machine that is wanted by every family in the land. The price is within the means of most people, being sold at the low sum of **FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS,** and the mechanism of every machine is **warranted** in all respects.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

During the last six months several low priced Sewing Machines have been presented to the public, ranging in price from ten to twenty-five dollars, some of which are not worth the price of the metal of which they are made, and are a gross imposition upon the public, and *all* of which are direct infringements of well known patents, and in consequence of these facts, the proprietors of the Boudoir Sewing Machine would call particular attention to their machine, which has received the approbation of the parties owning the patents which have been infringed upon, and have also granted a license to them for its manufacture and sale at the low price of forty-five dollars—and all persons purchasing any other of the above mentioned class of machines will be liable to pay a license for the right to use them. Several hundred of these machines have been already sold, and testimonials of the highest kind can be furnished to any party, of their superior merit over any single thread machine now before the public.

Ladies and gentlemen will please examine before purchasing elsewhere, at any of our offices where they will be freely shown at all times, and their superiority demonstrated. Responsible agents wanted in all parts of the country and liberal terms given.

L. A. BIGELOW, Agent,
43 TREMOFT ST., BOSTON.

September 4, 1857.

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WHOLESALE ROOMS.
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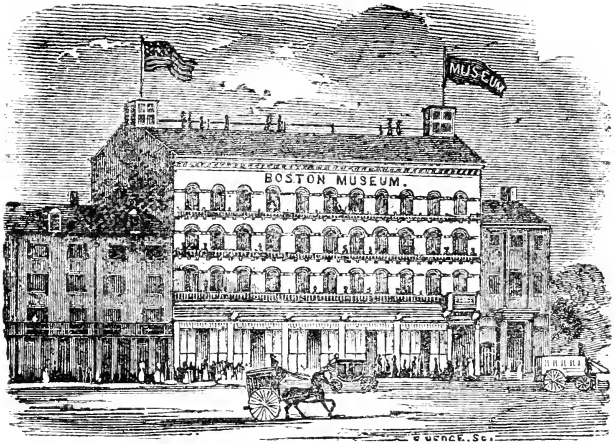
AMUSEMENT FOR THE MILLION!



STRANGERS VISITING BOSTON

Should by no means omit seeing the vast MAGAZINE OF WONDERS known as the

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Situated on Tremont street, in a building erected for the express purpose, at a cost of $200,000, and comprising a collection of NEARLY HALF A MILLION OF ARTICLES. Natural and Artificial Curiosities, Statuary, Paintings, Engravings, Shells, Corals, Fossils, Rare Coins and Medals, **Egyptian Mummies**, the curious half-fish, half-human Mermaid, the remarkable Ornithoryncus, the extensive Hall of **SUPERB WAX STATUARY**, containing nearly two hundred figures the size of life; Elephants, Giraffes, Orang Outangs, and other animals: Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, &c.—the whole forming a School of Instruction and Amusement, that for extent and interest is unequalled in the known world.

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Given every evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, by a company of Comedians and an Orchestra of Musicians admitted to be superior to any ever before collected in America, with the aid of Stage and Scenic Arrangements, the most grand and superb ever seen in America; thus warranting the universal admission that the Boston Museum is the

CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.

SEABOARD TOWNS;

OR,

Traveller's Guide Book

FROM

BOSTON TO PORTLAND:

CONTAINING A

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES, SCENERY, AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST, ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE

Eastern Railroad and its Branches,

AND THE

PORTLAND, SACO AND PORTSMOUTH RAILROAD.

INCLUDING HISTORICAL SKETCHES, LEGENDS, &c., WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY JOSEPH H. BRAGDON.

NEWBURYPORT:

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1857.

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in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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PREFACE.

The author presents this little book to the public, with a consciousness of its many imperfections, but yet with a belief that it will prove an agreeable companion in a journey over the railway. He claims for the work no literary merit. The vast field which it covers, and the short time spent in its compilation, has only enabled him to connect together a moiety of the material, gathered from innumerable sources, without bestowing labor upon its artistic finish. When it is recollected that many of the towns through which we pass are without their written history, and that all information in regard to them must be obtained from musty documents, imperfect records and oral testimony, the reader can in some degree appreciate the labor of compiling such a book, and, in charity, overlook its unavoidable faults. The entire ground covered by the work, has been travelled over by the writer, and as carefully surveyed as time and circumstances would admit; and everything of general interest has been embodied with as much detail as space would allow.

In such a work as this it could not be expected that the author should give credit for every item of intelligence, or extract given, as the sources are so numerous, that notes would consume much of the space. He has endeavored to select the most reliable authorities, and to make the book correct in every particular. It would be a pleasure to acknowledge, in detail, the kindnesses received from the railroad officers and conductors, from the newspaper press, and from individuals in the towns along the route, many of whom made personal sacrifices to assist in the collection of material, but as the recital of the names alone would require a page or two, it would appear too much like ostentation. They all have the heartiest thanks of the author, who will recollect with gratitude their favors.

JOSEPH H. BRAGDON.

Newburyport, Sept., 1857

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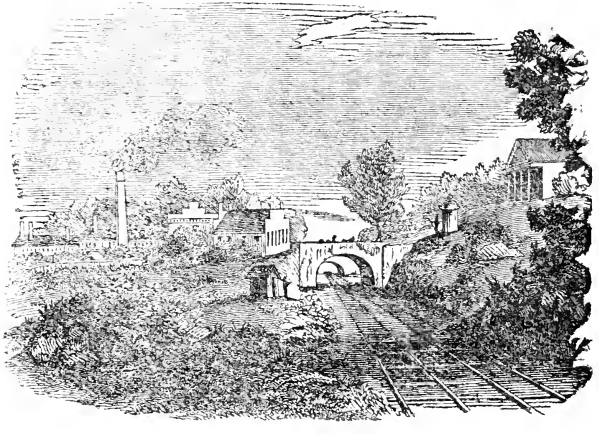


THE EASTERN RAILROAD AND ITS BRANCHES, AND THE PORTLAND, SACO & PORTSMOUTH RAILROAD.

Whatever pertains to the Railroad system is of general interest to mankind, for the invention of running carriages by steam, for the conveyance of passengers and merchandize, which has been made within the memory of individuals yet young, marks an era in the history of the world;—and hereafter, when the historian shall record the great events of the men of this generation, he will not refer to this as

the least important, but as the primary cause of many, and the basis of the great material development which is transpiring among us. For these, not more may one class rejoice than another; not more the merchant that thus he is placed by the side of his customers, thousands of miles away, than the agriculturist who cannot now be distant from a market; not more the city, that one hour will place them in the country, far from the sea, among the green hills and mountains, than the residents of the rural districts, who every day and every hour may visit the city for business.

Perhaps no people in this country or Europe have a more perfect system of railroading than Massachusetts: and though much of the capital invested in these corporations has not directly yielded the rewards anticipated, yet indirectly the state has been enabled to surpass in growth of population and value of property, most of her old sister states, and even to keep pace with the young and thriving West. Thus the villages have grown into towns, and the towns into cities, and along the web-work of rails, there is almost a continuous city, of which Boston is made the head and mart of trade.

Among the corporations to which we are indebted for this almost unparalleled prosperity, one of the earliest and most important, is the Eastern Railroad, that connects by its main trunk and branches, nearly every seaboard town in Eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire with Boston;—and by conjunction with the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth Railroad, the towns of Maine from Portsmouth, with Portland and Boston. This entire track, double from Boston to Salem, extends, with its branches, upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, through one of the most beautiful regions in the United States—one of the most densely populated, and a territory combining the greatest interests—the foreign and coastwise commerce, fisheries, manufactures of every vari-

ety of goods, and agriculture in its highest perfection. Being the third road in America, it was more costly in its construction than a like extent, with the same number of bridges and depots, would now be. The total cost of the roads and equipments, from the outset, have been, for the Eastern road and Branches in Massachusetts, to May 31, 1857, $4,588,209.93; for the Eastern road in New Hampshire, to June 30, 1857, $510,779.41; for the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth road, to June 1, 1857, $1,494,791.07. This in addition to the bed of the roads, covers a great amount of valuable property, now in the hands of the corporation. Since the construction of the roads there have been other corporations brought into competition, which have taken travel expected upon this route, though the number of passengers have increased, as will be seen by the following tables; and nowhere have the people been better served, for nowhere has a line of road had more careful and gentlemanly conductors, or better employees generally; and this stands out in bold relief in the simple fact, that in twenty years, and in carrying all this multitude of passengers, to this day, not a single passenger has been killed in any *regular train* of the companies.

The following table will show the number of passengers carried over the roads, and the increase of travel.

EASTERN RAILROAD.

1841, up to	1,022,050	1850,	1,037,510
1842,	430,621	1851,	993,156
1843,	417,536	1852,	1,004,991
1844,	497,758	1853,	1,099,411
1845,	617,466	1854,	1,181,514
1846,	700,410	1855,	1,054,087
1847,	795,966	1856,	1,151,200
1848,	899,229	1857,	1,377,157
1849,	1,047,410		

PORTLAND, SACO AND PORTSMOUTH RAILROAD.

1845,.....113,928	1853,.....232,390
1846,.....121,161	1854,.....285,284
1849,.....195,195	1855,.....278,298
1850,.....225,297	1856,..... .284,000
1851,.....212,889	1857,.. 256,919
1852,.....223,695	

The amount of merchandise carried in the same years, bears good comparison with the passengers. It has increased in about the same ratio. The freight receipts on the main track of the Eastern road the last year were $126,708.88, and the receipts of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth road, for the same time, $56,104.49.

The number of trains running from Boston averages through the year, to Salem 12 each way daily, to Newburyport 5, to Portsmouth 3, to Portland 2. The trains are regulated to meet the convenience of travellers; the through trains connect at both points with different railroad and steamboat lines to various parts of the country. The time tables are kept with wonderful accuracy, and aside from accidents to machinery, which are very rare, the variation of a few minutes even to through trains is an unusual occurrence. The trains run entirely independent of freight cars, and no detention can occur from the business to interrupt regularity.

It may not be amiss here to give some data, of the incorporation, of the progress of construction and opening, before we turn to notice what may be worthy of attention along a route so rich in historical, legendary and statistical information.

The roads which united the two great cities of Boston and Portland are under the control of three corporations, though two of them are managed by one company—the Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts, terminating at the line between that state and New Hampshire, a distance of 38 miles, and the Eastern Railroad of New Hampshire, running from the

last named point to Portsmouth, 16 miles. These roads exist, of necessity, as two corporations, but are operated by the Massachusetts company, and having interests identical, are known only to the public as the Eastern Railroad. The Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, 51 miles in length, is controlled by the Boston and Maine Railroad Company and the Eastern Railroad Company, by perpetual lease, made April, 1847, which provides that the two last named corporations shall assume all the property of the first named company, with all its rights, liabilities and obligations; maintain and operate said road, according to the provisions of the charter; receive all its income from every source, with the same powers of disposing of its property, except the road itself, as was possessed by its own Directors; and that six per centum per annum, on the stock, shall be paid as the consideration. It exists and is managed, however, as a distinct corporation, conducting all its affairs as provided for by its charter and the laws of the State in which it is located.

The act incorporating the Eastern Railroad Company, in Massachusetts, was approved April 14th, 1836; that incorporating the Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire was approved June 18th, 1836, and the two Companies were immediately organized. The Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Company was incorporated March 14, 1837. The Eastern Railroad was opened to Salem, August 27, 1838; to Newbury, June 19, 1840; to Newburyport, August 28, 1840; to Portsmouth, November 9, 1840; and the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Road opened its whole line on the 21st day of November, 1842. The Marblehead Branch Road, 3 miles in length, was opened December 10, 1839, and has cost $55,843 05; the Gloucester Branch, 13 miles, was opened December 1, 1847, and has cost $338,879 71. The Salisbury Branch was opened January 1, 1848, and has cost $79,189 38.

The Eastern Railroad Corporation, outside of its main line of road, has an immense interest, which, perhaps, it will not be uninteresting to speak of, not only as showing the extent of road connected therewith, but the great power of the Corporation. In addition to the branch roads already mentioned, which were chartered directly by the company, and built by their capital, they have other tributaries, originally in the hands of distinct corporations. The Essex Railroad, extending from Salem to Lawrence, a distance of little more than 21 miles, is mortgaged to the Eastern Railroad Company, to secure the payment of a loan, which now stands at about $350,000. The franchise and property of said Company, will, it is presumed, soon become the property of the Eastern Railroad. One thousand shares of the Grand Junction Road, which unites the great lines of road in New England, are owned by the Eastern Railroad. The South Reading Branch road, 8 miles in length, has been purchased by this Company at an expense of $299,120 29, and on the 1st of September, 1851, the Company assumed control and commenced operating the same. The Saugus Branch Road, running from Boston through Malden and Saugus to the main line in Lynn, about 8 miles in length, was incorporated April 28, 1848. The Eastern Road purchased at first, nine hundred shares of the stock, at $80 per share, the par value being $100. Subsequently, the balance of the stock was bought; and finally, under an act of the Massachusetts Legislature, a sale and transfer of the property and franchise of said Saugus road was made. The whole cost of this road was $236,246 82. The Eastern road also hold $49,500 in the Great Falls and South Berwick Branch road, and have guaranteed bonds to the amount of $60,000. The Corporation have accepted a guaranty to the Great Falls and Conway Railroad Company, to secure the payment of

bonds, to the amount of $100,000. Besides these, other loans and securities have been made, all of which it is believed are safe, if not profitable investments.

The management of the roads has been most skillful, and with one or two exceptions, the officers controlling affairs have been gentlemen of the highest position, selected by the stockholders for their general integrity, intelligence and business capacity. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the highest positions of life and most responsible offices of government, would have been honored by the men who have presided over and controlled the affairs of these corporations. The reverses that have been met with, were not to be attributed to any fault of government, but rather to natural causes, and in only one instance to misplaced confidence. The roads as they now stand are in a good financial condition, and are constantly and steadily improving.

There is no line of road throughout the United States, that is kept in a more perfect condition than this. The road bed, superstructure, bridges, depots, buildings and equipments are in the best order, and the rolling stock is equal if not superior to that of any other road. The most careful attention is paid in keeping the wooden bridges along the route in a good and safe repair, and every one at all acquainted with their condition will pronounce them to be in the very best order. Wherever these structures can be done away with, solid embankments and arches of masonry have been substituted, not only for safety, but as a matter of economy. The track has been thoroughly repaired, and relaid with the best and most improved rails, upon new sleepers; and every exertion made to make the road perfect. The great security of this route from accident, the regularity and punctuality of its trains, the courtesy and accommodating spirit of its conductors and employees, the superior conveniences and

comfort of its cars, its extensive and enlarged facilities, its spacious and well appointed depots, its reasonable rates of fare, in addition to the delightful country through which it passes, recommends it to the traveller, either upon a business or pleasure trip, as the best route between Boston and Portland, and the finest avenue to a large number of watering-places, the charms and attractions of which are not excelled by any other resorts in the country.

OFFICERS OF THE CORPORATIONS.

EASTERN RAILROAD.

President—JOHN HOWE.
Directors—John Howe, Samuel Hooper, George M. Browne, John C. Lee, Nathan P. Chase, Micajah Lunt, Henry H. Ladd.
Treasurer—John B. Parker.
Auditor and General Agent—A. Thorndike.
Superintendent—Jeremiah Prescott.
Freight Agent—W. J. C. Kenney.
Conductors—Portland Trains, Benjamin H. Cram, E. A. Towle; Portsmouth Trains, E. B. Young; Newburyport Trains, Edwin Leighton; Salem Trains, John D. Skinner; Beverly Trains, Geo. E. Goldthwait; Gloucester Trains, Camden C. Davis; Salisbury Trains, Newell Marden; Marblehead Trains, John Harris.

PORTLAND, SACO & PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

President—ICHABOD GOODWIN.
Directors—Ichabod Goodwin, Charles E. Barrett, James Hayward, Albert Thorndike, Josiah Calef, Thomas West, John Howe.
Treasurer—Eliphalet Nott.
Auditor—Charles E. Barrett.
Superintendent—John Russell.
Freight Agent—Isaac W. Eaton.
Conductors—Portsmouth to Portland: William Akerman, Oliver Towle, Alex. Rowe.

BETWEEN	Boston.	Somerville.	South Malden.	Chelsea.	North Chelsea.	Lynn.	Swampscot.	Salem.	Marblehead.	Beverly.	West Beach.	Manchester.	West Parish.	Gloucester.	North Beverly.	Wenham.	Ipswich.	Rowley.	Newburyport.	Salisbury.	Amesbury.	Seabrook.	Hampton Falls.	Hampton.	No. Hampton.	Greenland	Portsmouth.
Boston.....		2	4	5	7	11	13	16	20	18	21	25	28	32	21	22	27	31	35	38	42	42	44	46	49	51	56
Somerville.	10		2	3	5	9	11	14	18	16	19	23	26	30	19	20	25	29	34	36	40	40	42	44	47	49	54
So. Malden	12	10		1	3	7	9	12	16	14	17	21	24	28	17	18	23	27	32	34	38	38	40	42	45	47	52
Chelsea....	15	15	10		2	6	8	11	15	13	16	20	23	27	16	17	22	26	31	33	37	37	39	41	44	46	51
No. Chelsea	20	20	20	10		4	6	9	13	11	14	18	21	25	14	15	20	24	29	31	35	35	37	39	42	44	49
Lynn	35	35	35	35	20		2	5	9	7	10	14	17	21	10	11	16	21	25	27	31	31	33	35	38	40	45
Swampscot.	40	40	40	40	30	10		3	7	5	8	12	15	19	8	9	14	18	23	25	29	29	31	33	36	38	43
Salem	50	50	50	50	40	20	15		4	2	5	9	12	16	5	6	11	15	20	22	26	26	28	30	33	35	40
Marblehead	55	55	55	55	55	25	20	10		6	9	13	16	20	9	10	15	19	24	26	30	30	32	34	37	39	44
Beverly....	55	55	55	55	46	26	16	6	19		4	7	10	14	3	4	9	13	18	20	24	24	26	28	31	33	38
West Beach	65	65	65	65	55	35	25	20	28	15		3	7	11	6	7	12	16	21	23	27	27	29	31	34	36	41
Manchester	75	75	75	75	70	50	40	30	43	25	10		3	7	10	11	16	20	25	27	31	31	33	35	38	40	45
W Parish .	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 00	95	75	65	55	68	50	35	25		3	7	10	11	16	20	25	27	31	31	33	35	38	43
Gloucester .	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 00	95	75	65	55	68	50	35	25	15		4	13	14	19	23	28	30	34	34	36	38	41	43	48
No Beverly	60	60	60	60	55	35	25	15	28	10	20	35	55	55		1	16	17	22	26	31	33	37	37	39	41	44	47	51
Wenham....	65	65	65	65	60	40	30	20	33	15	25	40	60	60	10		6	10	15	17	21	21	23	25	28	30	35
Ipswich	80	80	80	80	75	55	45	35	48	30	40	55	75	75	25	15		5	9	14	16	20	20	22	24	27	29	34
Rowley	95	95	95	95	90	70	60	50	63	45	55	70	90	90	40	30	15		4	9	11	15	15	17	19	22	24	29
Newburypt	1 10	1 10	1 10	1 10	1 05	85	75	65	78	60	70	85	1 05	1 05	55	45	30	20		2	6	6	8	10	13	15	20
Salisbury...	1 15	1 15	1 15	1 15	1 15	95	85	75	88	70	80	95	1 15	1 15	65	55	40	30	10		4	4	6	8	11	13	18
Amesbury..	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 05	95	85	98	80	90	1 05	1 25	1 25	75	65	50	40	20	15		8	10	12	15	17	22
Seabrook...	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 25	1 05	95	85	98	80	90	1 05	1 25	1 25	75	65	50	40	20	15	30		2	4	7	9	14
Hampt Falls	1 30	1 30	1 30	1 30	1 30	1 10	1 00	90	1 03	85	95	1 10	1 30	1 30	80	70	55	45	25	25	40	10		2	5	7	12
Hampton	1 35	1 35	1 35	1 35	1 35	1 20	1 10	1 00	1 13	95	1 05	1 20	1 40	1 40	90	80	65	55	35	30	45	15	10		3	5	10
No. Hampt.	1 45	1 45	1 45	1 45	1 45	1 30	1 20	1 10	1 23	1 05	1 15	1 30	1 50	1 50	1 00	90	75	65	45	40	55	25	20	10		2	7
Greenland .	1 55	1 55	1 55	1 55	1 55	1 35	1 25	1 15	1 28	1 10	1 20	1 35	1 55	1 55	1 05	95	80	70	50	45	60	30	25	15	10		5
Portsmouth	1 65	1 65	1 65	1 65	1 65	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 43	1 25	1 35	1 50	1 70	1 70	1 20	1 10	95	85	65	60	75	45	45	35	25	15	

Price of Tickets when purchased at Offices.

Table of Distances.

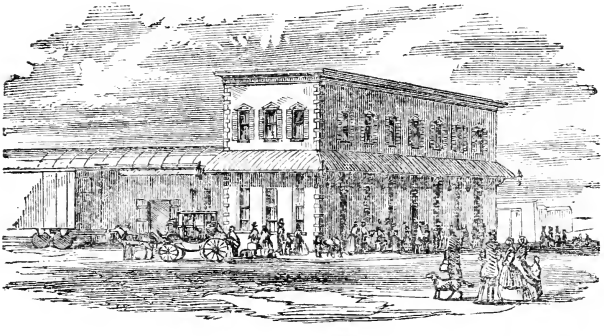
PORTLAND, SACO & PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

PORTSMOUTH TO PORTLAND.

BETWEEN	Portland.	Cape Elizabeth.	Scarborough.	West Scarborough.	Saco or Biddeford.	Kennebunk.	Wells.	North Berwick.	South Berwick.	Great Falls Ba. Junc.	Elliot.	Kittery.
Cape Elizabeth and	8											
Scarborough,	20	20										
West Scarborough,	30	30	15									
Saco or Biddeford,	40	40	25	15								
Kennebunk,	75	75	55	50	35							
Wells,	90	90	75	65	50	20						
North Berwick,	1 05	1 05	90	80	65	35	25					
South Berwick,	1 15	1 15	1 05	95	80	50	40	15				
Gt.Falls.Bran. Junc.	1 25	1 25	1 15	1 05	90	60	50	25	10			
Elliot,	1 40	1 40	1 25	1 15	1 09	70	60	35	20	15		
Kittery,	1 50	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 15	85	75	50	40	35	20	
Portsmouth,	1 50	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 15	85	75	50	40	35	20	8

FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

BY EASTERN RAILROAD.



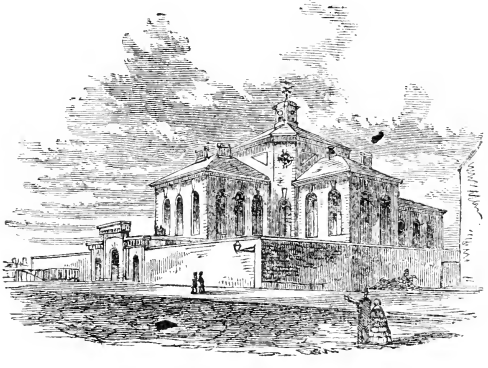
Leaving the Depot of the Eastern Railroad on Causeway street, at the foot of Friend and Canal streets, we commence our journey. This depot, although originally built as a temporary station-house, has been found to offer such advantages that the Company have concluded to improve upon it, and continue its occupancy. It is one of the most spacious in the city, and has accommodations for passengers possessed by few others. The cars run in upon one side and pass out upon the other, so that no mistake can be made in entering trains, and all confusion is avoided. The entire freight business of the road is transacted at East Boston, at the for-

mer terminus of the road from Portland, and none but passenger cars enter this building. This saves much delay and very greatly adds to the safety of trains. The Superintendent, and other officers of the road, have offices upon the second floor of this building, for the convenience of those who have business with them. A room is also occupied by the Conductors, while their trains are in the city. The President, Treasurer and Directors have offices in the Phœnix Building, on Congress square. Among the contemplated improvements upon the depot, are the erection of a tower, fifteen feet high, to contain a clock and exhibit a dial, which will be so arranged as to be seen from Faneuil Hall.

Running out of the depot we pass in sight of the Lowell and the Fitchburg railroad stations, by the engine houses and machine shops, connected with the various roads concentrating at this point, all of which stand upon a locality which but a few years since, was a sheet of water. A few hundred feet from the depot we pass over the substantial bridge spanning the Charles and Miller river, which unite above, and which at this point are thickly bridged by the structures of various railroad corporations.

The large stone building on our left, seen before we get fairly off the bridge, is the new city JAIL, one of the best appointed and most substantial structures in the country. The octagonal building in the center is used for the general purpose of the keepers and superintendents. It is 75 feet square, and 85 feet high. The wings vary in size from 164 to 55 feet, to 64 by 55 feet, and are used, those on the north, south and east for cells, and the west for working-rooms for the house-keepers. The structure is of brick and iron, faced with Quincy granite. It is so constructed as to form a prison inside of a prison. It has been occupied but a few years.

The number of inmates at the present time, is 161. Its locality is near the foot of Cambridge street, on land reclaimed from the harbor.



BOSTON JAIL.

At this point one can have a fine view of the city and harbor, and also of Cambridge, which lays upon our left. The city, rising from the water like a huge giant, its head the towering cupola of the state house, with its arms stretching upon either side, enclosing a happy, a great, a prosperous people. The harbor spreads out before us, with its area of seventy-five square miles, alternately relieved by the verdure and beauty of its numerous islands, and bordered by bays, coves and inlets, indenting the shores, and forests of masts rising from bottoms that have plowed the waters of every sea and ocean, and now and then the black smoke-pipes of steamboats appearing in sight. We must leave the great metropolis of New England, with its magnificent sights and busy populace, referring those who wish to acquaint themselves with its attractions, to that excellent little book, recently published—"Sights in Boston and Suburbs"—and whiz by, un

noticed, the numerous manufactories farther on our left, whose tall symmetrical chimneys have excited our curiosity.

BOSTON HARBOR.

SOMERVILLE,

1 mile from Boston, 106 from Portland,

Is the first town on our left. It contains a population of 5,806, and was incorporated in 1842, being originally a part of Charlestown. The two hills which rise above the surrounding country, are the celebrated Winter Hill, where Gen. Burgoyne's army encamped as prisoners of war after their defeat and capture at Saratoga, and Prospect Hill, from which was lighted the first signal fire to apprize the minute men at Lexington and Concord, of the arrival of the British troops. Upon these hills Gen. Putnam, with a force of 4000 men, remained for several weeks until Gen. Washington

arrived to take command of the American army. The prospect from these eminences is very fine, embracing the city of Boston and the surrounding places. The town has rapidly increased in population. Its proximity to Boston, and the facilities possessed by it, in going to and fro, with its natural charms, have made it attractive as a residence for Boston merchants. The great number of elegant houses and beautiful surroundings, exhibit the presence of wealth and taste. Four railroads pass through the town. There are several manufactories here, though none of great importance. The Shaw-Sheen, a fine stream, runs through the town. The group of buildings upon the hills within sight, one of which is surmounted by an elegant dome, constitute the McLean Asylum, for the Insane, named from John McLean, an eminent merchant, of Boston, and a liberal benefactor of the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which this is a branch. The Asylum was built in 1817, and was opened October, 1818. The institution enjoys a high reputation, the system of moral treatment adopted and pursued, has proved most beneficial. Every indulgence which is considered promotive of health, that can reasonably be given, is enjoyed by the inmates. The buildings are large and exceedingly well adapted to the design. They have cost upwards of $200,000. Belonging to, and surrounding this asylum, are about 15 acres of land, appropriated to courts and gardens. These are laid out with gravelled walks; the former are furnished with summer houses, and the latter are ornamented with groves of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and flowers. Surrounding the lower gardens, and within the enclosure, is a carriage path, where patients are taken to ride. In the centre is a small, fresh water pond, containing several hundred gold and silver fishes, and immediately contiguous is a summer house, where the patients, at times resort for games and amusements.

Tufts College, a Universalist institution, the only one in this country, situated on Walnut Hill, was chartered in 1852. This institution, which is liberally endowed, is named from a citizen of the place, who gave a large and beautiful tract of land for the location. The institution was established by the Universalists, though it is not sectarian in its character, each student being left to choose his own meeting, and to enjoy his own religious opinions. Its fund is large. The system of instruction is adapted, not only to those who wish to fit themselves for the professions, but also to the farmer, mechanic or manufacturer, particular attention being paid to the natural sciences.

On the left of the track, about 2 1-2 miles from Boston, is *Mount Benedict*, upon the banks of the Mystic river. The ruins standing upon the summit of the hill, are portions of the *Ursuline Convent*, burnt by a mob, on the 11th of August, 1834. This convent was established in Boston, in 1820, under the care of Madame St. Joseph, as Superior. The order of St. Ursuline is, by their religious profession, devoted to the education of female youth, consequently the institution was, to all intents and purposes, a female seminary.

The success of the experiment was soon certain; but the building in which the nuns resided was not in a pleasant situation, and they concluded to leave the city, and establish themselves where they could have gardens and grounds for those exercises and recreations which are so indispensable to the health of children and sedentary persons. In pursuance of this plan, they purchased an estate of twenty-seven acres in Charlestown, and in nearly the centre of their grounds, on a hill which they named Mount Benedict, they erected a spacious and handsome brick edifice. Hither they removed in 1826, and entered zealously on their labors of improving their property, and "rearing the tender minds" committed to their care.

The situation of the place they had chosen was splendid; Mount Benedict commanded the most varied and delightful scenery; Charlestown, Cambridge, Boston, the river, and the harbor with its islands, might all be viewed from the windows of the convent. But when they purchased the estate its "capabilities" was all it had to recommend it; Mount Benedict was a rough, bleak hill, and the land around a broken looking waste. In eight years the institution and its grounds were the admiration of strangers and the pride of Catholics.

The school in the meantime, had continued to increase. During its last year, more pupils had been offered than could be accepted. The season had been propitious; their gardens were in a state of high cultivation; everything around them looked beautiful and flourishing, and nothing portended the destruction which was at hand.

On the night of the 11th of August, 1834, a large mob assembled upon the grounds, excited to outrage by reports of improper conduct in the convent, and of the confinement of some females by threats and force, who wished to leave the institution, and after repeated threats, they drove the inmates from the house, and set fire to it, burning it to the ground. The outrage created much excitement, not only in Boston and vicinity, but throughout the country, exciting the just indignation of law-loving citizens. Parties were arrested and but one man could be convicted. He was punished by imprisonment. The land is still held by the Catholics, all efforts to its improvement having failed. It will probably be kept as a monument of the recklessness of man, and the ruins preserved in hope to show the visitor marks of persecution,—though the community then as now, frowned upon the act as dastardly and unbecoming a people that lived under the shadow of church spires.

CHARLESTOWN,

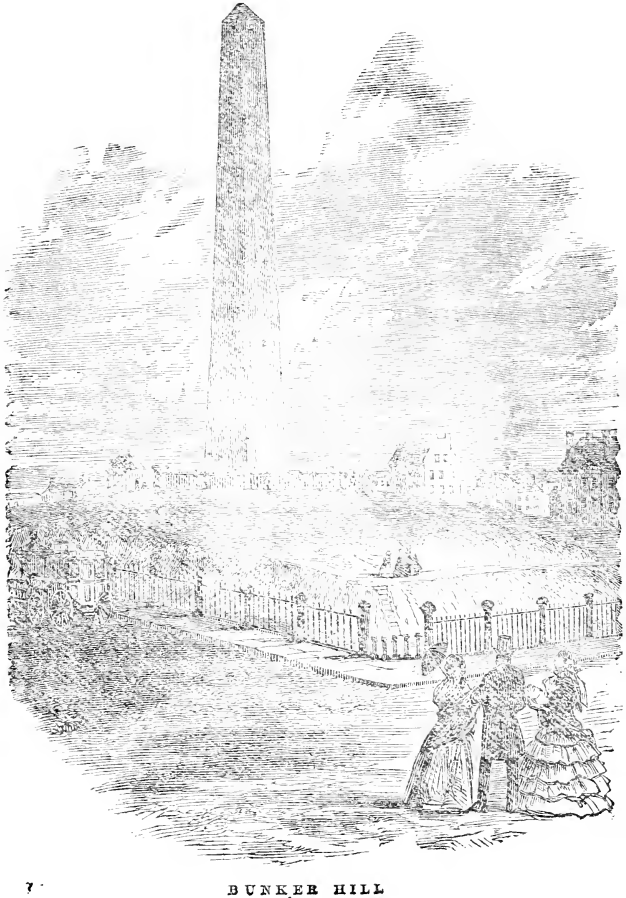
1 mile from Boston, 106 from Portland.

Upon the right hand, a short distance from the Somerville station, is one of the most beautiful cities in New England, and historically, one of the most interesting spots on the continent. It was built upon a peninsula, which a quiet Indian tribe, the *Aberginians*, occupying before the whites, called *Mishawam*, about half as large as Boston, and, like that city, having three hills—Bunker, Breed's and Town—the latter of which has been much reduced. The first settlers were from Salem, and the town was organized in 1628, two years before Boston. It might have taken the place of Boston in importance as the capital, for Gov. Winthrop, in 1630, made it his head-quarters, but for a mortal sickness which prevailed, supposed to be caused by the water, that induced the Governor to move across the river. It took its name from Charles I, king of England, when it was settled.

Extending as it does out between the Mystic and Charles rivers, its summits and slopes furnish delightful sites for residences, and many of the merchants and business men of Boston reside here. It is connected to Somerville by a narrow neck of land, and to Boston, Malden, Chelsea and Cambridge by bridges. From its square, near which are several churches and elegant public edifices, it streets open out at various angles, and are generally wide, airy, shaded by trees, and lined by beautiful residences. A horse railroad runs from the square into Boston. Charlestown was chartered as a city in 1847, and now has a population of 21,700

The place is memorable for the part it took in the struggle for American independence ; and Bunker Hill, the spot where the first regular battle was fought, on the 17th of

June, 1775, where the monument rises to the view of all the surrounding country, to the patriot will always be holy ground. In this battle the British had some 5000 veteran soldiers, under command of the most experienced generals, and the Americans not more than 2000 raw militia-men, poorly supplied with the munitions of war, under their brave leader, Prescott; yet they were not only able to hold their position, but when the powder failed, to make good their retreat. The British lost 1054 men slain, among whom were several commissioned officers, and received a lesson, and such a warning, as was not forgotten in all the war; and American liberty may be dated from the battle of Bunker Hill. The Americans had 145 killed and 304 wounded. The first person killed is supposed to have been a young man named Pollard, from Billerica, who was struck in the head by a cannon ball from the line of battle ship Somerset, then lying in the harbor. He was standing so near to Col. Prescott, who commanded the forces, that the blood and brains were thrown over that officer. The men were so inexperienced in war, that Prescott ordered him to be buried at once, upon which a subaltern officer expressed surprise that he should be buried without having prayers said. But he most lamented, fell later. Major General Warren, at that time President of the Colonial Congress, who had volunteered on this occasion as a private, and fought in the redoubt with his musket, animating the men by the influence of his example, to the most daring determination, which did not yield even when the town was in flames, and Charlestown burned to the ground by the enemy.



BUNKER HILL

Upon the spot where Warren fell, the monument, upon an eminence 62 feet above the sea, rises 221 feet. It is a plain granite shaft, 30 feet square at the base and 15 feet at the top. The corner stone was laid in 1825, with Masonic honors, by the venerable Marquis Lafayette, then on a visit to this country. Hon. Daniel Webster pronounced the oration. It was completed in 1842, and in June, 1843, in commemoration of the event, and in the presence of the President of the United States and the Cabinet, Mr. Webster delivered another oration, portions of which splendid production will prove as lasting as the monument itself. The shaft is ascended within by a circular flight of 294 steps, and in the top are two cannon, which constituted just one half of the whole train of field artillery possessed by the Colonies at the commencement of the war, and which were used in many of the engagements during the revolution. A beautiful statue of Gen. Warren was inaugurated upon these grounds, June 17, 1857, upon which occasion was one of the finest displays ever made by the Masonic fraternity. The ceremonies were performed by John T. Heard, Grand Masonic Master, and the oration pronounced by Hon. Edward Everett.

The square upon which the monument stands embraces some six acres, enclosed by an iron fence. Some marks of the battle still remain upon the ground.

It was upon this spot that the authorities of Charlestown received the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, when he was in America. In gazing upon the monument, he stretched out his arm and pointing his trembling finger to the monument, broke forth in an apostrophe which has no equal in language :—

"My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator! Silent like the grave, and yet

melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubims;—a senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart;—immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future which never stops;—it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:—

"The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of liberty. Its waters will flow. Every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide. Despots may dam its flood but never stop it. The higher its dam, the higher the tide. It will overflow or break through. Bow, and adore, and hope!"

"Such are the words that come to my ears;—and I bow,—I adore,—I hope. In bowing, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—that awful opening scene of the eventful drama, to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface. The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. * * * All the spirits of that most eventful victory, under the name of defeat—I see them all. The eyes of my soul are familiar with the spirits of the martyrs of liberty. But those I see around me have no sad, ghastly look, they bear no gushing wounds crying for revenge to the Almighty God; the smile of eternal bliss is playing around their lips, and though dwellers of heaven, they like to visit the place where their blood was spilt. It was not spilt in vain. Their fatherland is free; and there is a joy in that thought adding ever a new charm even to the happiness of blessed souls. As the fabulous divinities of ancient Greece like to rest from the charms of heaven on Mount Olympus, so must the spirit of Warren like to rest on the top of this monument here.

"Martyrs of my country! how long will it yet be, till a like joy will thrill through your departed souls? When will the smile of that joy play around your lips? How long will yet the gash of your wounds cry for revenge—your father-

land still bleeding, down-trodden, oppressed? Almighty Father of mankind, let the day of thy mercy be not too far!"

At the foot of the hill, in an easterly direction, is the United States Navy Yard, covering an area of about one hundred acres. A substantial sea wall, of granite blocks, encloses a portion of the yard. The wharves and ship houses occupy the remaining space. That stupendous piece of masonry, the dry dock 341 feet long, 80 wide, and 30 deep, completed in June, 1833, at a cost of $675 000, has been found insufficient for the huge war steamers, and workmen are now engaged in extending its dimensions, adding 65 feet to its length, at a cost of $250,000. This labor will occupy about two years. Great improvements are going on in various parts of the yard, which before contained spacious and substantial edifices, for almost every kind of mechanical work. A granite store-house, 200 feet in length, has just been completed. The old timber dock, covering an area of eleven acres, has recently been surrounded by a stone wall. Extensive iron works, embracing an iron foundry, a smithery, forge shop, machine shop, and boiler shop, are in the process of erection. The buildings comprised in these works are arranged upon three sides of a parallelogram, 285 by 475 feet, equal to a line 1105 feet in length and in width 75 feet. The smoke chimney is 32 feet square at the base and 200 feet high. The several shops are to be fitted with the necessary conveniences and tools for the construction of the largest class of marine engines, and all other machine and ordinance works required in the navy. The neatness and regularity of the entire yard will strike the visitor with surprise, and the presence of shade trees, and display of taste, convey a very favorable impression. The huge ships, a number of which are continually at and around the yard, are as tidy and neatly arranged as a lady's parlor, and the discipline main-

tained shows the efficiency of the officers. The thousand objects of interest met at every turn, a lack of space will oblige us to pass by.

NAVY YARD.

The State Prison, the stone building which we passed on the right, on leaving the bridge, is located in this city, and is enclosed by a high, solid stone wall. The building is in shape of a cross, having four wings, united to a centre octagonal building, three of which are for the convicts. It was founded in 1800, very much improved in 1826, formerly being so limited in accommodations that two or three were placed in one cell; and in 1850 still further improvements were made, which are said to make it superior to any building of the kind in the country. The building is fire proof, and proof against escape, as by breaking from a cell, the prisoner is yet separated by impregnable stone walls from liberty. Every comfort and privilege, consistent with good government, and the purpose of the institution, is afforded the prisoners. The workshops of the prison are spacious and

convenient, and the labor of the inmates is a source of considerable revenue to the prison. A melancholy interest attaches to this institution from the fact that three of its wardens have within a few years past been murdered by the prisoners. The first happened years since. The murderer, Rogers, was supposed to be insane. The warden, Mr. Lincoln, was a favorite with the prisoners, and no adequate cause could be assigned for the deed. The second tragedy was on Monday, Dec. 15, 1856, when James McGee plunged a knife into Deputy-Warden Galen C. Walker, as he was leaving the chapel. Two weeks from that

STATE PRISON.

time, the Warden of the prison, Solon H. Tenney, was killed by Charles L. Decatur, by being stabbed in the neck, in the workshop. These last two are now under sentence of death. The last catastrophe appears to have been the result of a conspiracy. Since these melancholy events the discipline of the prison has been more rigorous, and the force much augmented. At the last census there were four hundred and eighty-five prisoners within its walls.

Crossing the Mystic river upon one of those substantial pile bridges, for which this road is celebrated, we hasten along in sight of beautiful villas and elegant residences, nestling on the brow of yonder hill upon our left, and taking another view of the river side of Charlestown, with its crowded buildings, and busy yards, with the granite shaft overtopping the hills, we arrive at the station in

SOUTH MALDEN,

4 miles from Boston, 103 miles from Portland.

We pass through the portion of the town known as South Malden. The population of Malden, at the last census, was 4,592. It was originally a part of Charlestown, called Mystic Side, and was incorporated as a distinct town in 1649. We find nothing remarkable in its early history. In 1662, the town was in possession of a bell which was placed upon a rock, near the church, in conformity with a custom which then prevailed. The rock is now known as Bell Rock. There are two villages in the town, in either of which we observed elements of success, and marks of thrift and prosperity. An excellent water power runs through the town, and several manufactories of importance are in operation. The soil is unusually rich, and most beautiful gardens, attached to fine dwellings, are scattered through the villages. The broken surface of the land offers good localities, and extensive prospects. The summit of Mount Washington, a charming eminence, commands one of the most delightful scenes. Overlooking the hills of Chelsea, the marine view extends afar off to where the waters wash the horizon; while the whole circle of vision is filled up with the panoramic pomp of cities and villages, unfolding like a book, leaf

by leaf, and chapter by chapter, the untiring story of New England prosperity, Bay State enterprise and National fame. Several residences are located around this favorite mount, and upon its summit are neat cottages, with the surrounding grounds laid out with exquisite taste. A man with such a place may do without books, and feed his mind only on the material of which books are made; may have higher thoughts, holier aspirations, wider sympathies, than are permitted to the humbler dwellers on the plains. Within a few years past, a large number of traders and merchants, have moved into town, and brought with them a desire for elegance as well as comfort. Great improvements are going on throughout the villages, and its attractions as a place of residence are becoming more and more appreciated. The most beautiful portion of the town is beyond view from the railroad, though along the route we pass many charming country seats. The Saugus Branch of this road, and the Boston and Maine Railroad, run through different portions of the town, affording ample accommodations to those doing business in Boston. One mile further on and we reach

CHELSEA,

5 miles from Boston, 102 miles from Portland.

This town furnishes a good example of the efficiency of enterprise, and the power of energy when properly applied. It was formerly a part of Boston, called Romney Marsh. Its Indian name was Winnisemit. At the time of its incorporation, in 1738, it required to get into Boston with a team, a journey of more than twenty miles, although the distance across the water was less than one and a half miles. The rapidity of the growth of this town has not been equalled

in this commonwealth, and the rise has been so astonishing that a few events connected therewith will be of interest to the general reader. In the year 1831, nine individuals purchased the estate on which a large portion of the city now stands, and the ferry franchise connected therewith. At that time, two small sail ferry boats, of some twenty-five tons each, plied between Chelsea and Boston during the summer, sometimes with head wind and tide, occupying from two to three hours in crossing, landing passengers upon a dilapidated wharf. There were south of the depot, at that time, eight houses and twenty-nine inhabitants, men, women and children. All of the ground was then used for farming purposes. North of the railroad were some half a dozen houses. The only roads or streets were the Salem Turnpike, now Broadway, and the old county road, now Park and Hawthorn streets, and Washington street. This was the embryo state, in 1831-2, of this now flourishing city, which in 1832 contained a population of but 35; in 1850, 6,151, and in 1855, the date of its last census, 10,151, an increase of 65 per cent. In 1831 an agreement was entered into between Boston and Chelsea, by which the latter agreed to surrender all share or right in the county property, on condition that Boston should pay all county taxes for 20 years. This agreement expired in 1851, when it was proposed to annex the town to Boston, making it a distinct ward. The bill passed the Legislature, but was rejected by the people of Chelsea. In 1856 a city charter was obtained, and that form of government adopted. The future prosperity of the city is beyond a doubt. Possessing every advantage that can be desired, with a site varied and beautiful, and an atmosphere salubrious and healthy, and facilities for manufactures unequalled, and being within seven minutes of Boston, it cannot but grow to rank among the largest of our cities.

The land is broken into several beautiful eminences, affording some of the most elegant sites for residences. Powder Horn Hill, the name of which originated in the fact, that in its purchase from the Indians, a powder horn was given in payment, the site of ancient wigwams, was recently purchased by a company, terraced, and streets laid out, portions of which are occupied by the tasteful houses of civilization. Substantial and elegant blocks of buildings, spring up as if by magic, all over the city, and numerous manufactories and warehouses, with elegant public buildings, are scattered along the spacious streets.

The ferry connecting the city with the foot of Hanover street, in Boston, is probably the oldest establishment of the kind in America. The first grant was given to Thomas Williams, in 1631, and its business has now so increased that two commodious steamboats run during the day at intervals of five minutes.

The United States Marine Hospital and Naval Asylum are situated upon the government lands, in sight of the railroad. The old Marine Hospital, with the land adjoining, was a few months since disposed of by auction, throwing into market some very valuable property. The new Hospital, erected near the Asylum, is an elegant structure, unlike any building in this country. It is of the oriental order or style, with somewhat of the Italian finish. The material is brick and iron. The front and side views form a series of iron verandahs, fancifully wrought, with the most consummate taste. These rise one over the other, in terraces, supported by 108 columns, with numerous arches, having grooved iron beams 7 inches thick, in which the brick work rests. There are elegant belt courses of iron between each story, and the doors and windows are ornamented with iron caps. The

coving, 3 feet projecting, is also of iron. The house contains, 42 spacious rooms, beside the basement. The cost has been about $200,000.

There is considerable manufacturing in the city, and most of the interests incident to suburban places, are in active operation. Three ship yards do a large business, and trade in general is brisk. Leaving this station, we roll along over land that in a few years will be covered with an active population, by the hills on our right, and at a greater distance upon our left, sprinkled over with pleasant homes, and fine orchards and gardens; over lands of the Cary Improvement Company, who are the owners of this isolated brick building, standing between the two stations of Chelsea, in readiness for the march of improvement. It was designed for a machine shop, but its birth was untimely, and its youth has passed in desolation and inactivity. A short distance and we reach

NORTH CHELSEA,

8 miles from Boston, 99 from Portland,

One of the best agricultural towns in the State, with a land rich and productive to the highest degree. The station is one of so little importance, that if we do not stop here, the reader must not be surprised. The town contains less than a thousand inhabitants, among whom are many enterprising men. The beach which we pass on our right, is a lovely place, and will some day become a popular watering resort. The three houses we see are very well patronized by the Chelsea and Boston people, though the means of communication are troublesome. A short distance from this last station is the old track to East Boston, now used in the freight-

ng business by the road. From this point we find nothing of interest except the view of Lynn harbor, and the great marshes, over which we ride for several miles to the station in

WEST LYNN,

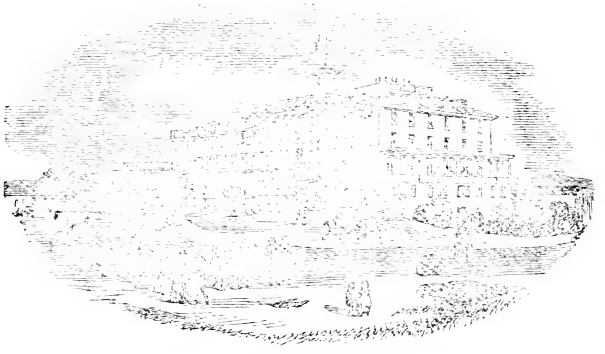
10 miles from Boston, 97 miles from Portland.

A station erected for the accommodation of the Lynn passengers, who reside in this section of the town. We will not stop here, but pass along through a populous part of the city, the speed of the train and the constant jingle of the bell informing us that the hand of the engineer is constantly on the lever, ready at an instant's notice to stop the engine, in case of danger. A minute or two brings us to the Lynn station, a substantial and commodious depot, offering the best accommodations, and situated in the very centre of the business portion of the city.

NAHANT.

Before we speak of Lynn, we must attend to those who have come thus far with us for the purpose of visiting Nahant. Leaving the cars at this station, you will find coaches, omnibuses, and almost every sort of vehicle, standing around in waiting to convey you and such others as may wish to join you, to this destination. Taking a seat in a conveyance suited to your taste, a drive of half an hour, over the Long

Beach and Little Nahant, with its smooth lawns and verdant fields, over the Short Beach to Great Nahant, by its vine and tree embosomed cottages, with their beautiful gardens, will bring you to the Nahant House, a first class watering-place hotel, furnished with every accommodation desired, or to one or two public houses of less note, in the immediate neighborhood. There are private houses in the vicinity where accommodations may be obtained.



NAHANT HOUSE.

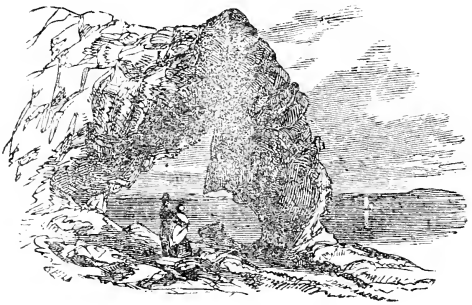
The visitor to Nahant will find much to interest and instruct him. The continued action of the water through the unknown ages, upon the rocky outline of the promontory, has worn it into innumerable shapes and fissures, which offer a rare field for the lover of the unique in nature. These, in their varied and curious formations, in the few years Nahant has been the resort of romantic pleasure seekers, have received various designations in accordance with their pecu-

liarities. The most prominent of these we proceed briefly to describe.

SWALLOW'S CAVE

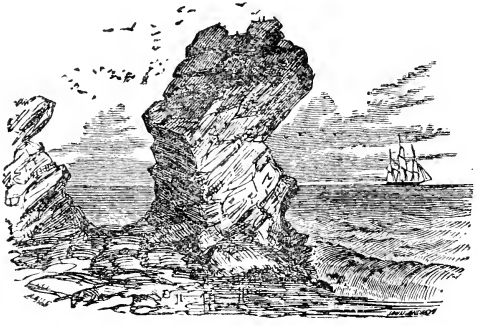
is the greatest natural curiosity to be found here. It opens on the south-eastern side of Nahant and extends entirely through the cliff, a distance of seventy-two feet, opening into the sea. At its mouth it is ten feet wide and eight high, enlarging as you proceed towards the centre, and narrowing again beyond. At low water the adventurer may pass completely through it, and climb up the cliff on the other side. The swallows formerly inhabited this cave in great numbers, and built their nests on the irregular rocks above, but the visitors have frightened them away. Southward from Swallow's Cave is Pea Island, an irregular rock, about twenty rods broad. It has a soil upon it, in which the sea pea grows. It is united to the Swallow's Cliff by a little isthmus, or beaches of sand, several rods long.

Returning over the same cliff to its farthest western side, brings you to



IRENE'S GROTTO,

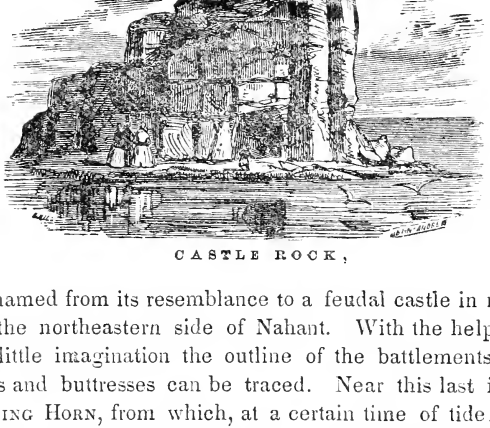
a beautiful arch beneath the rocks, grotesque and curious in its formation, leading to a large room in the rocks. Near by is



PULPIT ROCK,

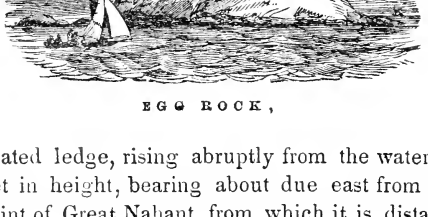
a large boulder rising abruptly to the height of thirty feet. The upper portion of the rock bears a striking resem-

blance to a pile of books, with a seat opening in the rear. Also you may here see the NATURAL BRIDGE spanning a deep chasm, and



CASTLE ROCK,

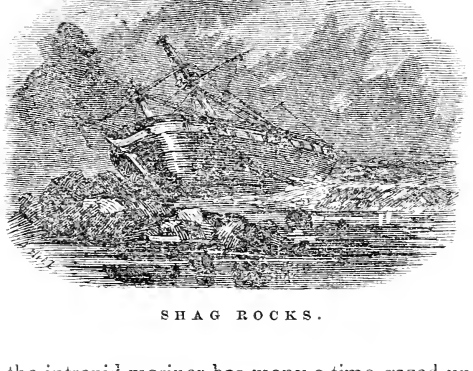
thus named from its resemblance to a feudal castle in ruins, is on the northeastern side of Nahant. With the help of a very little imagination the outline of the battlements and towers and buttresses can be traced. Near this last is the SPOUTING HORN, from which, at a certain time of tide, and especially in great storms, the water is spouted with considerable force.



EGG ROCK,

is an isolated ledge, rising abruptly from the water, a hundred feet in height, bearing about due east from the extreme point of Great Nahant, from which it is distant three-

fourths of a mile. In its whole extent it contains nearly three acres, but of this only half an acre is soil, upon which a rank grass flourishes. Thus the record might continue, and our visit extend to JOHN'S PERIL, the IRON MINE, SAUNDERS' LEDGE, CALDRON CLIFF, ROARING CAVERN, and to that dangerous locality known as



SHAG ROCKS.

where the intrepid mariner has many a time gazed upon the fury of the surging billows, freighted with death and destruction, as they bore to the shore the mangled bodies of his companions, and fragments of his staunch craft; but space fails, and we feel that our pen cannot do justice to the sublimity and grandeur of the objects around us. The eye must see the rocks in their wondrous formations, and the heart acknowledge the power that has thus wrought them, ere the wide, romantic beauty of Nahant can be appreciated.

Nahant is a peninsula, extending some three miles into the sea, from the south side of Lynn, terminating in a rocky promontory. Its name is from *Nahanteau*, signifying *twins*, in the original Indian tongue, and is appropriately applied to

the twin elevations of Great and Little Nahant, connected together and to the main, by low and narrow beaches of sand. Of the early history of Nahant, but little of interest, nothing worthy of especial note, has come down to us from the fathers. The locality may have, it is true, its weird legends and wild traditions, transmitted from its fabulous age, which have been orally handed down from generation to generation, and which even now, linger in the memory of the oldest inhabitants; but if such there are, and as we write, it occurs to us that we can dimly recall a few, we leave them as in duty bound to her living bard,* who may yet weave them into a grand Epic, and sing of the peninsula as Virgil sung of Troy.

Nahant was discovered in 1614, by the chivalric and famous Capt. John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, in a voyage he made, in an open boat, along the coast, and named on his map the "Fullerton Islands." Then a decade of years elapsed till the Council of England granted these "islands" to one Robert Gorges; but that he ever visited his property is doubtful, and we find that in 1629 it was still occuped by the Indians. In 1673 the first house was built at Nahant. The second actual settler was James Mills, whose daughter Dorothy may indisputably claim the title of the first belle of this watering place; for tradition speaks in glowing terms of her varied charms. She had a peculiar penchant for bathing, as have some of our modern belles, and the place where she gratified it, and laved her fair limbs and form, on summer evenings, bears the name of DOROTHY COVE, even to this day. If the envious reader wishes to pay a pilgrimage to the spot, he will find it a little bay near the pond, a short distance from Whitney's Hotel, in the south-eastern part of Nahant.

* Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn Bard."

As early as 1688, a person of some distinction fancied a summer residence on Nahant. This was Edward Randolph, Secretary of State for Massachusetts, who petitioned Andros the Governor, for a grant of the whole peninsula. With this petition Andros, without right or precedent, did not fail to comply, but the actual proprietors, to whom the land had been granted, by a town act of Lynn, twenty years before, rallied to resist, and a tempest-in-a-teapot war followed. At the height of this Andros was deposed and imprisoned, and Randolph abandoned his claim. Tranquility followed down to 1707, during which time the peninsula did not flourish in the hands of the original grantees. At that time the old grants, bearing date in 1657, were annulled, and the land re-granted to actual settlers. It is on these last grants that the present proprietors base their claims.

We pass over a period of more than a hundred years, down to 1817, when Nahant appears to have first become a permanent summer resort. In that year the beautiful cottage of Hon. Thomas H. Perkins was built; a little later that of Hon. Frederick Tudor, the great ice exporter. Since that time, down to the present date, many more have been erected, some beautiful models of rural architecture.

In 1819 the "Sea Serpent" made his first appearance off Nahant, and since then has been seen by divers individuals, at various times. He is still visible, occasionally, to those who have unbounded faith; and who perhaps see fit to aid their vision with one or two draughts of the fluids that most abound at watering places.

The first hotel on Nahant was opened on the site of the Nahant House, in 1820, a stone building, which was extensively improved, year after year, till 1850, when it passed into the hands of the present proprietor.

In 1847, a road over Long Beach was built, partly by sub-

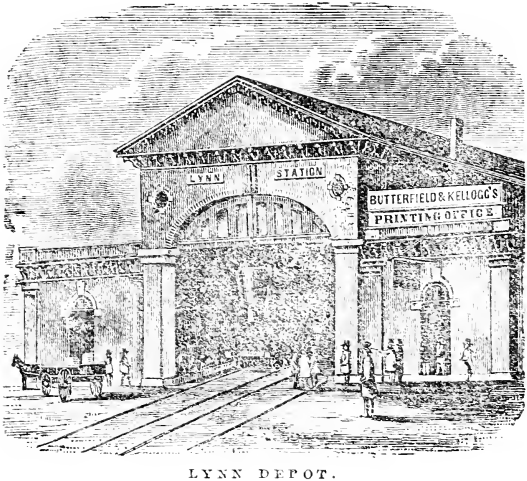
scription, and partly by the city of Lynn, at an expense of about $3000. This road was swept away by the storm which destroyed Minot's Ledge Light-house, in 1851; but has since been rebuilt with a breakwater on an improved plan. Formerly this was a plank box filled with sand, but now a line of cedars with a foundation of kelp and sand, forms the barrier to protect the road from the encroachments of the sea. The tops of these trees serving to catch the sand, as it is blown about by the strong winds, making the bank higher and higher, year after year. This long row of cedars presenting a somewhat peculiar appearance, is distinctly visible to the southward as we journey along towards Lynn, from the starting point.

Thus, with a mere pen-stroke, with but the shadow of justice to our subject, we trace the history of the peninsula, down through two and a quarter centuries, from where we found it, a savage-inhabited wilderness, through the wide steps of a rapid civilization, to where we leave it, the chosen resort of luxury and refinement, such as Rome knew not in her palmiest days. Something of a change would one of these quaint old fathers find between the Nahant where he hunted wild beasts and savages, and pastured his cattle, and the Nahant of to-day; but not a greater, perchance, than we might discover, could we, after the lapse of another period of two hundred and a score of years, be permitted to revisit these "glimpses of the moon." Should we then, standing in the full meridian light of the new era of which we are now catching but the feeble morning ray, cast an eye over this brief record, we doubt not that we should smile grimly at our mention of progress and "refinement," and sigh that our lot upon earth was cast in the benighted age that *boasted* of the steam car as a rapid mode of travel, and the telegraph as a wonder almost supernatural.

LYNN.

11 miles from Boston, 93 miles from Portland.

In passing through a portion of this town, on the route from the West Lynn Depot, we had an opportunity to observe its remarkable scenery and pleasant locality. It is the oldest town, excepting Salem, in the county of Essex, and was formerly called *Saugust*. Its present name was given it in 1637, in honor of a Mr. Whitney, who came from the town



LYNN DEPOT.

of *Lynn Regis*, or King's Lynn, in England. It was inhabited, before its settlement, by a tribe of Indians called Aberginians, whose possessions extended from the Charles River to the Merrimac. The name of the Sachem who governed them was Nanepashemet, or the New Moon. At his death,

in 1619, his queen, "Squaw Sachem," maintained the government of most of the tribes in Massachusetts. The Sachem of the Saugus Indians lived near the eastern end of Long Beach, or Sagamore hill, and had the government of Lynn and Marblehead. Mr. Lewis, in his excellent history of Lynn, tells that the first settlers were principally farmers, and possessed a large stock of horned cattle, sheep and goats. For several years before the land was divided, the cattle were fed in one drove, and guarded by a man, who from his employment was called a hayward. The people, for some years, lived in the most perfect state of democracy. They had town meetings every three months, for the regulation of their public affairs,—they cut their wood in common, and drew lots for the grass in the meadows and marshes. The first houses in Lynn were rude structures, with steep roofs, covered with thatch or small bundles of sedge or straw, laid one over another. Beside the haste and necessity which prevented the construction of more elegant habitations, the people who had wealth were advised to abstain from all superfluous expenses, and to reserve their money for the public use. Even the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Dudley, was censured for wainscotting his house. These houses gradually gave way to a better class, all of which faced the South, that the sun, at noon, might "shine square." The common address, of men and women, was goodman and goodwife; none but those who sustained some office of dignity, or belonged to some respectable family, were complimented with the title of Mister. In writing, they seem to have had no capital F; and thus in the early records we find two small ones used instead; and one m, with a dash over it, stood for two.

Lynn was incorporated in 1630. Three towns, now called Lynnfield, Saugus, and Swampscott, have since been sepa-

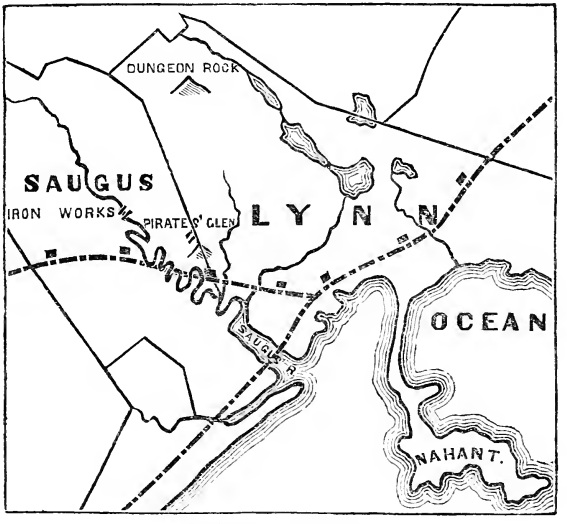
rated from it. In 1850 it was chartered as a city. The progress from the earliest times has been gradual. In 1638 when Boston was a village containing twenty or thirty houses, Lynn had more than one hundred families. In 1765 the population was 2,198; in 1790, 2,291; 1800, 2,837; 1810, 4,087; 1820, 4,515; 1830, 6,138; 1840, 9,367; 1850, 13,615; 1855, 15,713.

This place is the great seat of the shoe manufacture, now the largest business in the commonwealth. It has risen to wealth and importance through the enterprise of its inhabitants principally in this occupation and trade. The manufacture of ladies' shoes was commenced here at a very early date. Indeed, the history of the town is the history of shoemaking in this region. In the year 1750, one John Adam Deaggor, came to Lynn from London. He was a skillful shoemaker, and through his influence a large number of young men were instructed in the art of making shoes, at that time an accomplishment quite different from that acquired in these days. This Deaggor finally died in the alms-house. The mode of conducting business before the Revolution was by confining operations to the family, and selling the wares in small lots. After the Revolution it was extended, and improvements have advanced until the city now manufactures a number of shoes far exceeding any other town in the State. We give statistics for the year 1855, showing the value and number of shoes, and the labor employed.

Male operatives employed, - - -	4,545
Female operatives employed, - -	6,476
	11,021
Boots and Shoes, pairs made, - -	9,275,593
Value of same, - - - - -	$4,165,529
Morocco Leather manufac'd in the city,	407,486
Number of lasts made in the city,	15,380

The growth of the boot and shoe business is an index of the growth of a branch which, including leather, did not in 1845, exceed fifteen millions of dollars, and in ten years has increased more than three fold that amount.

This city has the credit of erecting the first iron foundry in America, which was established in the year 1643, near Dungeon Rock, upon the banks of the Saugus river. This foundry added greatly to the prosperity and importance of the town. The first Fire Engine in America was made in Lynn, by one Joseph Jenks, in 1654, and was used in Boston.



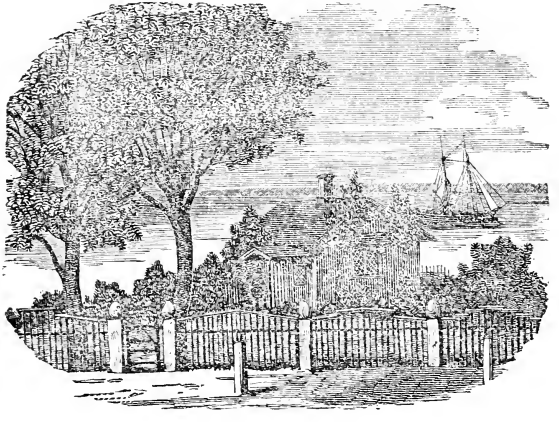
MAP OF LYNN.

The city is built on wide and pleasant streets, and is one of the most flourishing places in New England. From the eminences around, an enchanting prospect is presented to

the eye, comprehending the harbors of Boston and Salem, with their numerous islands; the spires and domes of these cities, and nearly the whole compass of Massachusetts Bay, with the sand hills and the outlines of Cape Cod stretching along the southern horizon. Jutting out into the sea, a few furlongs on the south, appear the rugged cliffs of Nahant, and the hard polished beach leading to it, known as Long Beach, which for a mile and a half is so hard that a horse's hoofs scarcely make an impression upon it. It was upon this beach that the Sagamore of the Saugus tribe used to assemble his people to pursue their games. They divided themselves into parties, and drawing a line along the sand, interchanged over it their tokens of friendship. They then engaged in running, leaping, shooting, and other sports, and those who were victorious gained prizes of skins, ornaments, or wampum.

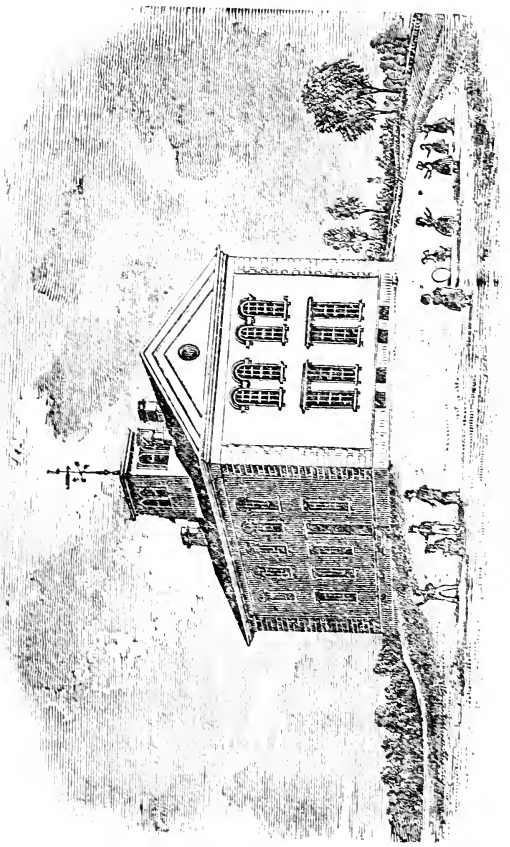
Lynn extends some miles on the sea-shore. The most thickly settled portion is a plain between the hill and the sea, gently undulating toward the extremities, into graceful elevations, skirted on the south by the sea, and defended on the north by a range of rocky hills. Near the western boundary of the town is Tower Hill, on the west of which is the picturesque vale of Saugus river. In the north-eastern part of the town is the village of Gravesend, which occupies a plain around a beautiful sheet of water called Wenuchus Lake. More northerly is the pleasant village of Wyoma, bordering on the lake of that name. There are five other lakes in this neighborhood. The northwestern part of the city is a mountainous forest of several miles in extent, comprising a great variety of scenery, which will soon be traversed by winding avenues, and furnish delightful retreats for men of taste. The streets are generally fringed with trees. Around the beautiful parade ground, nearly a mile in length, are many

fine houses. Some of the modern edifices are spacious and elegant, and Ocean street is lined for a great distance with tasteful villas, which look out upon the ocean, and command a view of Nahant. The residence of Alonzo Lewis, Esq., the "Lynn Bard," and historian, to whose kindness we are much indebted, is located, as will be seen in the annexed engraving, upon a charming spot near the beach. The houses are principally of wood, two stories in height, and stand detached from each other. Nearly all have piazzas, and most have a small garden or court-yard, ornamented with trees.



LEWIS' HOUSE.

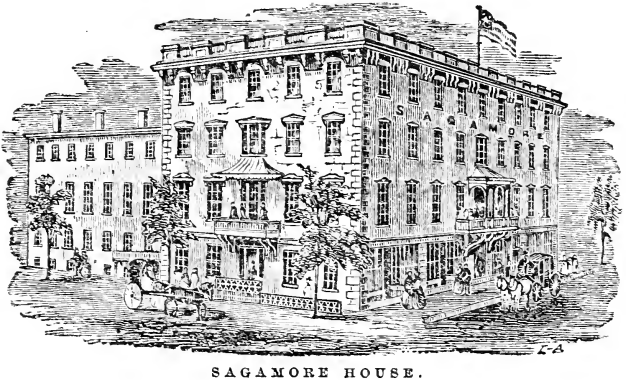
Among the most beautiful of the public buildings in this city, is the Lynn High School House, an engraving of which appears on the next page. It was dedicated in January, 1851. The school maintains a high reputation.



LYNN HIGH SCHOOL.

The Sagamore House, on our left, located a few rods from the depot, may be mentioned as among the most elegant of the buildings in this vicinity. It is a good specimen of

architectural beauty, and well furnished as a first-class hotel, uniting all the advantages of the city, with those of a watering place. A large stable, filled with excellent horses, is connected with the house, from which carriages run at all hours of the day, to the famous "Long Beach," a short distance from the door, where commodious bath-houses, belonging to the hotel, are situated. Mr. Thomas Rand, associated with whom is his son, Thomas B. Rand, under the firm of Thomas Rand & Son, have made the house a popular resort for company from all parts of the country, who come hither for health and recreation.



SAGAMORE HOUSE.

The eminences in various parts of the city create a wild and beautiful natural scenery, of much grandeur. The abrupt cliff seen on our left, before we enter the city, is High Rock, which has an observatory upon it, overlooking the city, and commanding a wide sea view. It is the property of the "Hutchinson Singers," and is a place of much resort.

Near the observatory, upon the highest point of this towering boulder, is a well twelve fe-t deep, containing a never failing spring of water. The well was made in 1846, under the direction of an unnatural power, as it is stated. One of the proprietors of the land, desirous of securing a supply of water without subjecting himself to the fatigue of bringing it from the base, 150 feet below, sought the assistance of a mesmeric subject, who in one of her far-seeing spells directed him to dig in a particular spot such a distance, when he would find water. Following her directions the solid rock was blasted with perfect success, and the well now exists—as a curiosity to visitors.

Near the foot of this rock, in a humble dwelling, for more than fifty years, lived the world renowned fortune teller, "Moll Pitcher" the oracle of the rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, the accomplished and the vulgar, the timid and the brave. There was no port on either continent, where floated the flag of the American ship, that had not heard the fame of Moll Pitcher. She was born in the year 1738, and died in 1813. She was connected with some of the best families in Essex county, and with the exception of her extraordinary pretensions, there was nothing disreputable in her life or character. Her maiden name was Mary Dimond. In 1760 she married Robert Pitcher, by whom she had four children, one son and three daughters, whom she supported by her skill in fortune telling. Her descendants are among the most respectable in Lynn.

No lover of the curious in nature, will leave this city without paying a visit to the Dungeon Rock, or Pirates' Glen, situated about two miles from the depot, on the eastern bank of the Saugus river. Connected with this locality is a legend of interest, which with the consent of Mr. Lewis, we transfer to our pages.

"In the year 1658, there was a great earthquake in New England. Sometime previous, on one pleasant evening, a little after sunset, a small vessel was seen to anchor near the mouth of Saugus river. A boat was presently lowered from her side, into which four men descended, and moved up the river a considerable distance, when they landed, and proceeded directly into the woods. They had been noticed by only a few individuals; but in those early times, when the people were surrounded by danger, and easily susceptible of alarm, such an incident was well calculated to awaken suspicion, and in the course of the evening the intelligence was conveyed to many houses. In the morning the people naturally turned their eyes towards the shore, in search of the strange vessel—but she was gone, and no trace could be found of her or her singular crew. It was afterward ascertained, that on that morning, one of the men at the Iron Works, on going into the foundry, discovered a paper, on which was written, that if a quantity of shackles, handcuffs, hatchets and other articles of iron manufacture, were made and deposited with secrecy, in a certain place in the woods, which was particularly designated, an amount of silver, to their full value, would be found in their place. The articles were made in a few days, and placed in conformity with the directions. On the next morning they were gone, and the money was found according to the promise; but though a watch had been kept, no vessel was seen. Some months afterward, the four men returned and selected one of the most secluded and romantic spots in the woods of Saugus, for their abode. The place of their retreat was a deep, narrow valley, shut in on two sides by high hills and craggy, precipitous rocks, and shrouded on the others by thick pines, hemlocks and cedars, between which there was only one small spot to which the rays of the sun at noon could pene-

trate. On climbing up the rude and almost perpendicular steeps of the rock on the eastern side, the eye could command a full view of the bay on the south, and a prospect of a considerable portion of the surrounding country. The place of their retreat has ever since been called the Pirates' Glen, and they could not have selected a spot on the coast, for many miles, more favorable for the purposes both of concealment and observation. Even at this day, when the neighborhood has become thickly peopled, it is still a lonely and desolate place, and probably not one in a hundred of the inhabitants has ever descended into its silent and gloomy recess. There the pirates built a small hut, made a garden and dug a well, the appearance of which is still visible. It has been supposed that they buried money; but though people have dug there and in several other places, none has ever been found. After residing there some time, this retreat became known, and one of the King's cruisers appeared on the coast. They were traced to their glen, and three of them were taken and carried to England, where it is probable they were executed. The other, whose name was Thomas Veal, escaped to a rock in the woods, about two miles to the north, in which was a spacious cavern, where the pirates had previously deposited some of their plunder. There the fugitive fixed his residence and practiced the trade of a shoemaker, occasionally coming down to the village to obtain articles of sustenance. He continued his residence till the great earthquake this year, when the top of the rock was loosened and crushed down into the mouth of the cavern, enclosing the unfortunate inmate in its unyielding prison. It has ever since been called the Pirates' Dungeon, or Dungeon Rock."

There is also a popular tradition that the pirates buried in the glen, at the foot of a certain hemlock tree, a beautiful

female. The rotten stump of the tree may still be seen, and a hollow beside it, where people have dug in search of human bones.

Great interest has always attached to this spot, and acting upon a popular belief that the cave contained valuable treasures, many individuals have conceived a purpose to open it, a few going so far as to waste time and money upon it. Some six years ago, by spiritual direction or encouragement, a Mr. Marble commenced the herculean labor of working down through the solid rock in the supposed ancient cave. The rock is of hard porphry, and he has persevered for years under such discouragements as would have disheartened any one not sustained by an extraordinary measure of faith and credulity. In the spring of this year, 1857, he had succeeded in working out, in the very bowels of the ledge, a chamber sufficiently large for a small dinner party to be accommodated in. This is within a few feet of where the cave is believed to exist, if the earthquake has not entirely destroyed it, hence, as a curiosity of art, if not of nature, the Dungeon Rock now affords something well worthy of the traveller's attention. It appears, that if at any time the labors slack, the spirits reveal new inducements, and so the work yet goes cheerily on.

From the Lynn station we pass through fine fields and in sight of beautiful houses and gardens, on to

SWAMPSCOTT,

13 miles from Boston, 94 from Portland,

A town of great natural beauty, with a harbor resembling the Bay of Naples. It was once a favorite place of the Indians, and the site of one of their villages. In 1634, it was occupied as a farm by Sir John Humphrey, one

of the original patentees of the colony of Massachusetts Bay and one of its earliest and most efficient benefactors, who remained here until 1641, when he was induced by his wife to return to England. The change from the highest position as the pride of youth and beauty, in the court of the first monarch in Europe, to this home in the cold and barren wilderness of Swampscott, occupied by its few lonely cottages, round which the Indians were roaming by day, and wolves by night, was too great for her to bear, and her sighs for her native land were too powerful for the loving heart which brought her hither.

The first tannery in New England was erected here in 1629, by one Francis Ingalls. The vats remained until 1825.

It was a part of Lynn until 1852, when it was set off and incorporated a distinct corporation, retaining its Indian name. The town lies on the west shore of Massachusetts Bay, which is lined with cliffs, coves and beaches, in their appearance picturesque and romantic. But little of the finest portion of the place can be seen from the cars, though a few minutes ride down the road on our right, would show us some of the finest villas and sites in New England. There are three beaches on its sea shore, Phillip's Beach, 1 mile; Whale Beach, 1-4 of a mile, and Blaney Beach, 1-3 of a mile in length. The principal points which jut out into the bay, are Black Wills' Rock Point, Phillip's Point and Eastern or Ocean Point. It is a famous summer resort, though no first class public house is maintained. Most of the visitors have dwellings in the vicinity or take board with their friends or in private families. Elegant and substantial residences are quite numerous near the beach, which is regarded as a remarkably healthy location. Some good farms upon the line of road, are found in the Eastern section. It had at the last census, a population of 1335, which is steadily increasing.

From this station on to Salem there is nothing of interest to attract our attention. The land is broken and sterile, and chiefly used for pasturage. It was once the hunting ground of the Indians, that unfortunate race which has disappeared from this land, leaving no monuments to mark their familiar spots, or to perpetuate their memory. The contemplation of the aggressions which so suddenly blotted them out, leads to sad reflections, and almost justifies their cruelties. Here were the scenes of their youthful sports, and here were the graves of their fathers. Here they had lived and loved—here they had warred and sung, and grown old with the rocks and hills. Here they had pursued the game,—and over the waters that bathe the beach, had they skimmed in their frail canoes. In the streams had they spread their nets, and gathered the niceties of the deep. Here the graceful forms of their daughters were reflected from the clear waters, and the green hills and verdant fields filled their hearts with joy and love. But they are gone, and over the greater part of New England, the voice of the Indians is heard no more. The ocean in which they had as often bathed their athletic limbs, and the streams which had yielded their bountiful supply, were abandoned in silent grief: and the free and fearless Indians who once wandered in all the pride of unsubdued nature, over the fields and among the forests, were driven from this land to seek a home they knew not where; and even when their weary feet found rest, the approaching tread of civilization warned them of their danger, and the wigwam that offered them shelter was deserted for a home nearer the setting sun. But such was the destiny which the God of nations had fixed for them, and His purposes are beyond our ken. Our next stopping place is

SALEM,

16 miles from Boston, 91 from Portland.

As we approach the city over the bridge through the Mill Pond, as this inlet is called, we notice on our right, Lafayette street, the old road to Marblehead, within a few years built up for a long distance with the most costly dwellings, and likewise running from this street, new ways, which ere long will be occupied, making the finest portion of the city. On the left hand we have a view of a section that has materially improved in appearance within a short time.

But before we proceed we must inform our friends that the cars on the

BRANCH ROAD TO MARBLEHEAD,

noticed at length, at the close of our journey over the main line, leave this depot. Passengers for that place will change cars, and those who are bound for Danvers, Reading, Lawrence and Lowell, or any of the interior towns, will find the passenger station of these roads a few minutes' walk from the depot at the foot of Washington street.

Salem is the principal city in Essex county, and the oldest settlement in the bounds of the old Massachusetts colony. In many respects it is one of the most distinguished localities in the New England States, and from the earliest period of its history has been a place of much importance. At one time she held all the trade of the Indies, and amassed therefrom splendid fortunes. The first American ship around the Cape of Good Hope was from Salem—the first to trade at Hindostan, Java, Sumatra, China, and, through the Dutch, with Japan, as with many other Asiatics, were from Salem. She sent the first to Madagascar, to Zanzibar, where they retain almost the total gum and ivory trade to this day; and to other ports in East Africa. She was among the first, if not the

very first, for ordinary commercial pursuits, on the west shores of Africa, and there she is the first now. She was the first at the mouths of the great South American rivers, at Montevideo and Para, where she retained the control for a long time, and yet leads in the rubber trade and hide business in South America. She opened trade with the Fejee Islands, and has ships there now;—she sent the first American goods to traffic in New Holland;—she has her trade to-day with New Zealand; and Salem men, if not vessels, were among the first from this quarter on the north-west coast of America; and in November of 1856, the first ship for commercial pursuits, sailed from her quiet waters to Japan. She has astonished the world with the enterprise of her merchant princes, by whom she became relatively more distinguished than any other port on this continent; and a well arranged history of her enterprises, from the time of her fisheries, and the primary investments of Higginson in foreign traffic, with narratives of early voyages, sketches of eminent sea captains and of the leading merchants, would be a work of intense interest.

And not alone in commerce and trade has she won a rank among the cities. In letters her position has been an enviable one. Her literary institutions, her scientific societies, her library associations, her schools, her churches, are among the best in the country. From the earliest period to the present, especial care has been manifested in the intellectual advancement of her citizens. In 1641, March 30, "At the Quarterly Court, Col. Endecot moued about the ffences and about ffree skoole and therefore wished a whole towne meeting about it; therefore that goodman Auger warne a towne meeting on the second day of the week." This is the first written intimation that we have of instruction, without price, among our settlers. As early as 1631 an effort was made to

found a college, and from those times to the present, in everything which tends to exalt and ennoble the man, the most commendable spirit has been manifested.

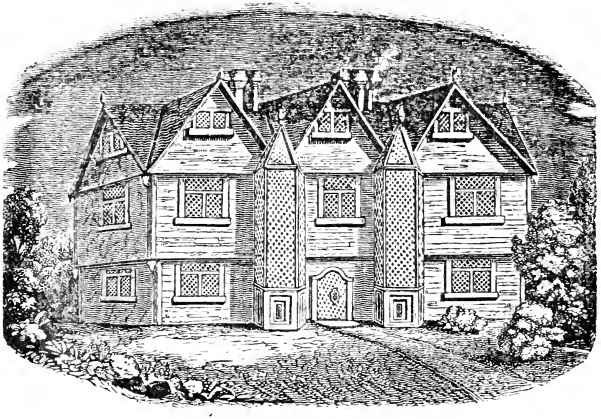
The town of Salem, formerly called *Naumkeag*, was settled in the year 1628, by Capt. John Endicott, with about 100 others, many of whom were taken off by disease and privation, within a short time. The next year Rev. Thomas Higginson and three other clergymen, accompanied by about 200 others, came over from England, and most of the number settled here. The name of the town was immediately changed to *Salem*, a Hebrew word meaning peace. The natives had forsaken the spot, so that in obtaining possession, no difficulties occurred. The township in 1637 comprehended several of the adjoining towns, which were subsequently set off and incorporated as distinct corporations. The early records contain much of interest indicating the growth of Salem. One John Dunton, in 1686, writes, "I found this town about a mile long, with many fine houses in it, and it is reported the next town to Boston for trade." Its commerce began almost with its settlement, and continued with uninterrupted prosperity up to the last war. In 1796, a distinguished writer says, "Salem is one of the handsomest towns in the United States. The number of its inhabitants amounts to ten thousand. The town, in reference to trade, ranks with those of the sixth rank in America, and with those of the second in Massachusetts. The uncommonly active and enterprising spirit of its inhabitants is the sole reason which can be ascribed for the great extent and rapid progress of its trade. Its haven is but small, at ebb the quays are dry, and vessels of a larger size must, even at high water, unload a part of their cargo, in order to be able to reach the quays. Yet notwithstanding these inconveniences, the annual freightage from this port exceeds 20,000

tons." Number of vessels at that time in foreign trade 100, in coasting 20, in the fisheries 30. The exports in 1795 amounted to $1,504,511. The same year, (March 1796,) a writer remarks, "The last week has been a scene of general gloom and anxiety in this town. Our merchants have suspended their business, our sailors are wandering about for want of employment, and our laborers will soon be starving in idleness." This was occasioned by the spoilations committed upon commerce by the subjects of Great Britain and other countries. In 1649 it was ordered that delegates meet in April, at Salem, "to prepare eleccons and what else they think meete, that tend to the welfare of the countrye, for the next session," and in 1654, we find an order that might be introduced in modern legislation to some advantage, "For the dispatch of business, the deputies are to eat and especially dine together in the court house chamber. Any one of them may be supplied with breakfast, dinner and supper, and a cup of wine at each of the two latter meals, and beer between them, and bed, for three shillings a day, or with a dinner at 18 pence." In 1728, the General Court assembled in Salem, by order of Gov. Burnet.

The early records of this town are unusually entertaining, and had we room it would be pleasing to show the state of society of those times, by quotations from such documents; but one instance of misdemeanor and punishment must suffice. In 1662, "the wife of Robert Wilson, for going through Salem without any clothes on, as a sign of spiritual nakedness, is sentenced to be tied to a cart's tail, uncovered to her waist, and be whipped from Mr. Gedway's gate to her own house."

The witchcraft excitement, which arose in 1692, though commencing in what is now called Danvers, is closely inter-

woven with the history of Salem. It commenced in the family of Rev. Samuel Paris, in February, 1692, the accused being an Indian servant. From this it spread, and occasioned the most sorrowful and surprising events ever chronicled in the history of a people. The suffering of the town was great, its population decreased about one-quarter, and the imaginary persecutions of the people were terrible. Twenty persons charged with being witches were executed upon the hill now known as Gallows Hill; and many more awaiting trial and death within the prison walls, were saved by the mercy of the court, whose wisdom rose above the superstition.



GOV. BRADSTREET'S RESIDENCE.

Salem has the credit of hoisting the first flag of independence, and is distinguished for her patriotic zeal during the revolutionary war. It is also said that sixty armed vessels, manned by four thousand men, were fitted out as privateers.

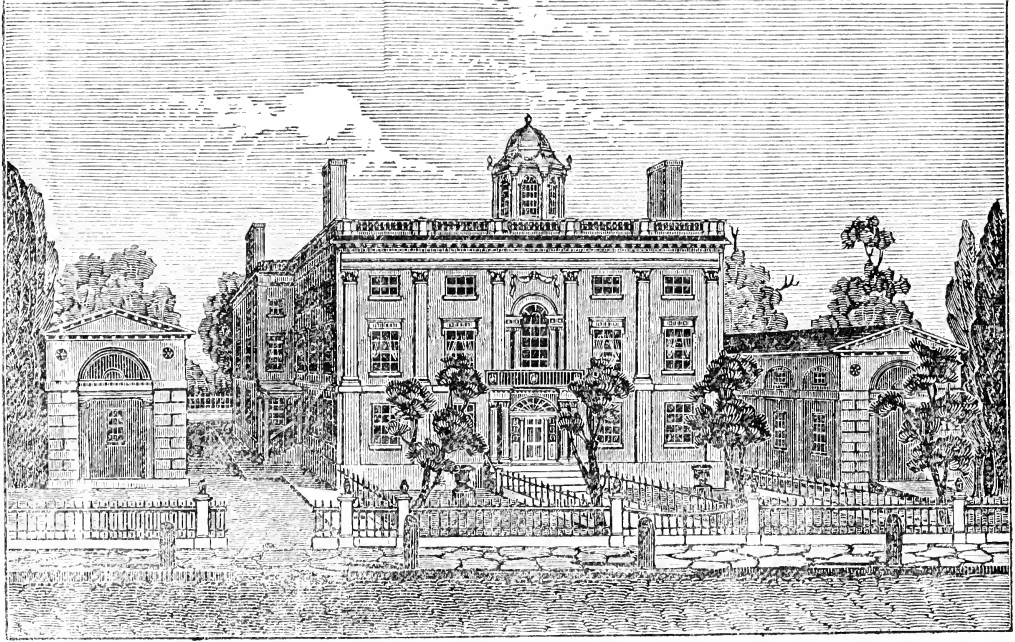
BISHOP ANDREWES'S HOUSE.

She was early noted for the elegance of her private residences, and specimens of architectural neatness were exhibited by the first settlers.

The house of Gov. Endicott, built from materials brought from Cape Ann, as early as 1628, was, though crude in finish, as will be seen by the cut on the preceding page, a tasteful house for that period. Later, in 1740, the residence of Gov. Bradstreet, seen on page 58, shows an improvement upon the early style; and the dwelling of Elias Haskett Derby, built in 1799, at a cost of $80,000, will compare with the best of modern times. (See cut on page 61.)

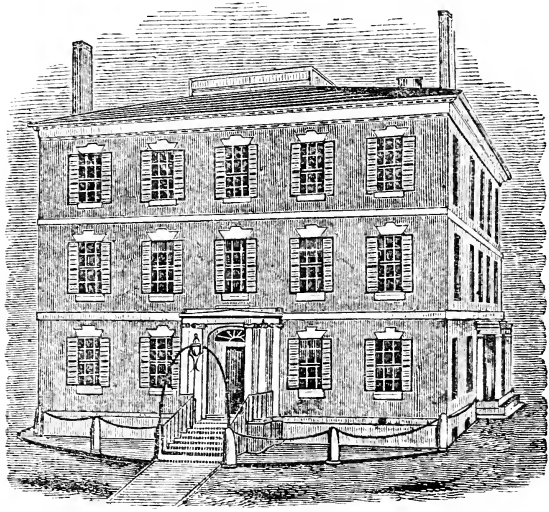
The city is built upon a peninsula formed by two inlets of the sea, called North and South rivers. The eastern part of the peninsula is called the *Neck*. The land upon which it is built lies low, and is nearly level, but few places being more than 20 feet above high tide. The streets run somewhat irregularly. Essex street, the Broadway, runs directly through the whole extent of the place, nearly east and west, and contains many rich houses, beside ranges of stores, &c. Chestnut street is considered the handsomest street in the city. It is shaded with large elms, and on either side are rows of elegant mansions. Salem is for the most part well built, largely of wood, but partly also of brick and stone. Her churches and public buildings are rich in design, and generally make a very imposing appearance.

The Common is a beautiful plot of ground eight acres and a half in extent, almost perfectly level. It is enclosed by a neat railing, bordered by a large number of elms and traversed by gravel walks. Around are tasty mansions and edifices. One of the best and most comprehensive views of the city may be had from Gallows Hill. The visitor will feel amply compensated for a walk to this hill as well on account of the commanding prospect, as from the associations con-



THE DERBY MANSION.

nected with the spot. Harmony Grove Cemetery is worthy of notice. "Few if any spots in the vicinity combine greater advantages for a burial place, in variety of surface, exuberant growth of wood, picturesque dells, and shady lawns, than this." There are many points of interest around this vicinity that would claim the attention of the stranger.



THE ESSEX HOUSE,

An old established and first class hotel, where strangers will find a pleasant and comfortable home, is situated on Essex street, a short distance from the depot. It is kept by Mr. J. S. Leavitt, one of the most popular of landlords, and the traveller will find in the house everything to promote his pleasure. The stable is well filled with good horses, so that the means of enjoyment are perfect.

Among the scientific and literary institutions of the city, may be mentioned the East India Marine Society, formed in 1779 by those who, acting either as captains or supercargoes, had made one or more voyages around the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn. The Museum comprises a highly interesting and valuable cabinet of curiosities, collected from all parts of the world. The Essex Institute, organized in 1848, by the union of the Essex Historical and the Essex County Natural History Societies, has a library of about 8000 volumes and a good cabinet of natural history. The Salem Athenæum, formed in 1810, by the union of the Social and Philosophical Libraries, contains 12,500 volumes. The press has been liberally supported and the papers have always been ably conducted, maintaining a high position. The papers now published command an influence equal to any issued. By the census of 1850 it appeared that there were in the libraries of this city, 86,645 volumes of books. The city is at present the seat of all the county offices, which are located in the stone building seen by looking back to the left, after we emerge from the tunnel. Most of the sessions of the county courts are held in this building.

Salem has been the scene of more executions than any other city in the county. Beside those who suffered during the witchcraft excitement, a considerable number have met a similar fate upon her soil. Stephen Clark, the young man who was convicted of arson in Newburyport, and concerning whom so much sympathy was felt, was executed on Winter Island, in May, 1821, at the early age of 17 years. John F. Knapp in September, and Joseph J. Knapp in December, 1831, suffered a like punishment in the prison yard, for conspiracy with Richard Crowningshield of Danvers, for the murder of Capt. Joseph White, one of the most noted and wealthy merchants in the city, on the night of April 6th,

1830. One of the Knapps was connected with the old gentleman by marriage, and expected to possess himself of a portion of his property by this means. Crowningshield committed suicide in prison.

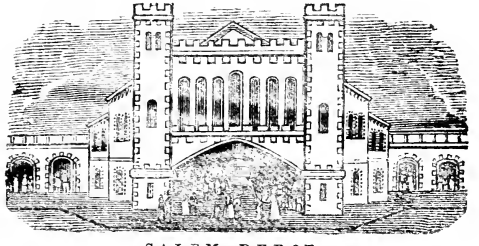
The manufacturing interests of the city are now quite large. The Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, incorporated in 1831, has added permanent improvements to the locality surrounding it, and is the most successful cotton manufactory in the county of Essex. The Salem Laboratory Company and the manufactories of copal, lead, machinery, &c., are operated with success. In consequence of the large importation of hides from Africa and South America, some of the largest tanneries have been established here, and it is one of the first leather-producing towns in the country.

The city has very much improved in general appearance within the past twenty years. Numerous houses, and many stores and public buildings have been erected. The people maintain the reputation so well earned by their fathers, and the old and influential families, whose names are linked with the history of our country, are represented by honorable and distinguished men, many of whom occupy the old homesteads. In 1836 a city charter was obtained, and under this form of government, the twenty-one years have been years of prosperity. At present she has a population of 20,934, embracing as much intelligence, enterprise and real worth as any other city in the union of the same size.

The harbor contains a number of islands, one of which, Lowell Island, has acquired considerable notoriety as a watering place.

Directly after leaving the station, we pass through a tunnel under the whole length of Washington Street. This is a most perfect and substantial piece of masonry, 1150 feet in

length. Just at its mouth we have the best view of the



SALEM DEPOT,

the most costly station house belonging to the company. It is built of granite, shows a fine front, and contains conveniences for the offices of clerks, &c.

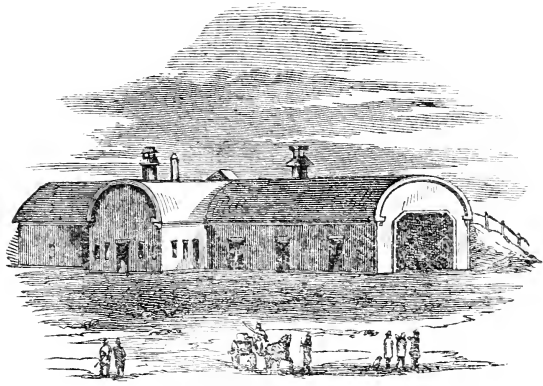
Emerging from the tunnel we notice on our left the Depot of the South Reading and Danvers, and the Lawrence and Lowell roads, before spoken of. Near the Salem Gas Company's Works, a few rods distant, we cross the track connected with these roads, running to Phillips' Wharf, well equipped with railroad privileges to carry away the vast amount of coal landed there. These rails connect the harbor with the interior, and convey to the great manufacturing cities of Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester, almost the entire coal they consume. We should be pleased to stop here and record a tribute of respect to the enterprising projector of these roads, Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, whose sad fate spread a gloom through the community, which still laments the loss of a man great in every attribute of mind and heart, and in every quality that adorns and beautifies life; but we fear a parenthetical remark of so distinguished a man would not do justice to his memory. In crossing the North River, the dividing line between Salem and Beverly, which is some 1500 feet in width, we have

the most enchanting views and splendid scenery upon the whole route. Look down upon the right hand across Beverly bridge, which is nearly parallel with our track, upon the river, lighted with the glad sunbeams that sparkle and dance upon its waves, as it widens into the bay, showing upon its bosom the Great Misery, Baker's Island with its light house, and other upheavals of land from the water—with the fishing craft seeking the wharves in Beverly Cove, the merchant ship with its prow towards Salem, or the smoking steamer from Boston to the other side of the Atlantic, and yet further on, as the waters spread out into the ocean and close upon the vision only with the touching heavens. Follow along the margin of the stream, where are crowded the fishing vessels, for next to Marblehead, this is the first port in the county for cod-fishing, which is the principal business of the town; where are the warehouses for the accommodation of coastwise and foreign trade—down to the point, where may be seen one of the half dozen whaling ships that Beverly boasts of; and beyond that what appears in the little shaded coves by the bold rocks, and along the smooth beaches, but the summer residences of the wealthy, opening upon the waters and surrounded by gardens which are not inferior in themselves or their location to the villas and cottages about Newport or on the Hudson river? If this most beautiful sea-view is not enough and you would look inland, turn to the left, where North Salem reveals the gardens and mansions of her pride and riches along the water's edge, while above and beyond rises the beautiful village of Danvers, with its tall white church spires standing boldly against the sky. But before we can withdraw our unwilling eyes from the scene, we rattle by the rocky point, past the few houses and workshops—leaving the main street and most of the town of Beverly, (to which the greater part of our last paragraph refers,) upon our right, and reach the station, at

BEVERLY,

18 miles from Boston, 89 miles from Portland.

Passengers for Manchester, Gloucester, and the towns on the Cape will step into the cars that pass over the GLOUCESTER BRANCH, the trains of which may be found within he depot. Of the branch road we shall speak hereafter.



BEVERLY DEPOT.

Beverly, which can be but little seen from the cars is an old town. thrifty, substantially prosperous, highly intelligent and in good order, temperance and morality, perhaps the first in Massachusetts. It is diversified with hills and lowlands, well cultivated and productive; has not only the North river upon one side and the ocean washing its beach, but is nearly divided by the Bass river, and has some of the largest and finest ponds in this section. It is not wonderful that discerning men like John and William Woodbury, who came here in 1630, and Roger Conant and John Balch and their companions, the brave and upright fathers of the fami-

lies that bear their names now, and by whom they have transmitted their faith, their virtues, their love of freedom, and their industrious habits, should have selected this spot. At first it was a part of Salem, but in 1656 they built a meeting house, where Rev. John Hale preached for more than thirty years. After the separation from Salem, and in 1668, the town was incorporated by the name of Beverly. Mr. Conant, "the first that had house in Salem," asked that it should be called Budleigh, the name of the place whence he and the first settlers came from England, which he says is "a market towne in Devonshire, and neare unto the sea as wee are heare in this place, and where myself was borne." This petition was not granted.

The early history of Beverly, like the history of all the New England towns, is a history of the church, for that was the grand organism in every town; and we find the church here, cherishing the same faith, infected with the same errors, and following the same customs that obtained elsewhere. In the days of witchcraft, John Hale, the first minister, was as active in prosecutions as his brethren in Salem; but it happened that his wife was accused of witchcraft, when all at once he saw his error, and for self-interest opposed the madness of the times. There was one good custom in the church at Beverly that might be continued with advantage now. For more than a century it was the duty of the sexton to keep and turn an hour glass near the pulpit, and in view of the minister, to guide him in his services. The sermon then was expected to be an hour long, and if he fell short or exceeded that time, it was a matter for church action.

A half century ago Beverly was among the large towns, having in 1810 a population of 4,608, but the change in trade that affected all the seaboard towns, in the first quarter of this century, prevented its rapid growth, so that twenty years after, its population had actually decreased full a tenth part.

Since 1840 it has steadily advanced, and now numbers 5,934. The people are chiefly engaged in fishing, agriculture and manufactures of cabinet ware, rubber goods, and of late somewhat extensively employed in the shoe trade. They have not had much foreign commerce directly from Beverly, but considerable from Salem and Boston, and no town but Salem, in Essex county, has furnished so many captains for the India ships and the African trade.

Beverly has various public institutions such as Banks, Insurance Companies, Charitable societies, &c.:—it has good schools, and established the first lyceum in the country. It has been the banner town in the temperance reform, and for many years the sale of spirituous liquors has been entirely suppressed. It has much wealth, more comfort, and no crime.

No town can boast of more patriotism, or of more ready sacrifices for the public good. In the Indian wars she furnished the lamented Capt. Lathrop and many of his men for the service. Three weeks before the declaration of American Independence, she voted in town meeting to support such a declaration, if Congress should make it, with lives and fortunes. Thus the fires of liberty have always and do now burn brightly. It was Nathan Dane, from Beverly, that moved in Congress, the celebrated ordinance of 1787, that consecrated the great Northwest territory to freedom forever, and kept the new Northwestern states from the stain of slavery. Nathan Dane was in his grave in the later struggle for free territory, but in Robert Rantoul, jr., who died while a member of Congress in 1852, Beverly furnished a worthy successor. He was the greatest of all her children, and proud may she be of his memory. The place where his ashes rest is hallowed by their touch, and as long as patriotism shall have a name or freedom a friend, it shall be

sacred to freemen. This is not the place to write his biography, but one who combined the industry of Benton with the integrity of Calhoun, the varied learning of Adams with the stately qualities of Webster, the honor of Hamilton with the eloquence of Everett, can never be forgotten by those who are proud of our country's history, and would gratefully cherish the memory of her favorite sons, as they pass through the town of Beverly. He sleeps in the burying ground close by; the marble is over him, but his best epitaph is in the praises of the good and free, and posterity shall do him honor.

There are two considerable hills in Beverly—Brown's Hill, from which Salem, Danvers and other towns may be seen, and a broad extent of sea coast and ocean viewed: and Cherry Hill, near the station in

NORTH BEVERLY,

21 miles from Boston, 83 miles from Portland.

Upon this hill is a most valuable farm, formerly owned by Capt. Joseph White, who was murdered in Salem. It is now the property of R. P. Waters, Esq., who distinguished himself as the first American Consul at Zanzibar. His residence is upon the left, and was in view a short distance back on our route. Near this depot may be seen Lake Wenham, and the ice-houses on its banks. The lake covers a surface of three hundred and twenty acres, about half of which is in Beverly. It is a beautiful sheet of water, and is much resorted to in summer for sailing and fishing, and also furnishes excellent ice in winter, for domestic uses and foreign exportation. The scenery about this lake is remarkably bold, and a place so healthy and beautiful, and so near to the great cities, will before long attract more general atten-

tion. North Beverly is not a distinct town. Just before we reach the Wenham station, up the road to our left, behind those tall symmetrical trees, you will notice a small story-and-a-half house, located upon the southern side of the road, with a similar building directly in front. This was the residence of the mother-in-law of J. J. Knapp, and a place of resort for Crowninshield while arranging the terms for the murder of White. Passing this point and some very fine lands, we come to the station called

WENHAM AND HAMILTON,

22 miles from Boston, 85 from Portland,

Which is situated a short distance over the line dividing Wenham and Hamilton.

WENHAM is about six miles long, and at the point crossed by the road less than a mile wide. It was originally a part of Salem, called Enon. It 1643 it was admitted as an independent town. It was thus described by a traveller in 1686: "Wenham is a delicious paradise; it abounds with rural pleasures, and I would chose it above all other towns in America to dwell in. The lofty trees on each side of it, are a sufficient shelter from the winds, and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the spring, the summer and the autumn had agreed together to thrust winter out of doors." There are many lovely groves and charming spots in the neighborhood of the depot. The margin of the celebrated Wenham Lake, alluded to in Beverly, forms a most romantic drive. Several beautiful residences, seen from the track, near the ice-houses, occupy a commanding position near the road. It was in this vicinity that the first murder in Essex County was committed. The victim was followed from a town in Maine, and was supposed to

have considerable money. The murderer, however, after despatching the man, found a silver pistareen his whole stock. Upon the old turnpike road near the margin of this lake may be seen the small conical hill from which Hugh Peters preached his celebrated sermon, the first ever preached in this town.

Though the town contains no compact village, it is still advancing in population, and has of late years offered attractions for country residences to Boston merchants. The population has increased from 698, in 1840, to 1073. The land is unusually productive, and the farmers scattered over the various portions of territory are prosperous and happy.

HAMILTON, a part of Ipswich called the *Hamlet*, was set off as a distinct town in 1793, on petition of 65 males, for reasons that the church accommodations of Ipswich were not within their reach. Like Wenham, it is a farming town, pleasantly located, having a rich soil and abounding in well-cultivated grounds. There has been very little change in population since 1800, when its inhabitants counted 749; in 1850 the census shows 896, a gain, in fifty-six years, of 147. It has several fine ponds within its limits, among which is Chebacco Pond, the head water of the Chebacco River. Quite a number of hills may be seen on either side of the track. From the summit of Brown's Hill, approached by the road on our right, a beautiful sight expands to view, consisting of a lovely landscape, enclosed by distant hills, and the settlement of Hamilton. Miles river winds along through the meadows, on its course from Wenham Lake to Ipswich River, and reveals the silvery surface of its water with sufficient frequency to add a picturesqueness to the scene. The The dense woods of Manchester and Essex present a mass of forest verdure which excites the admiration; while away to the right can be seen the houses and spires of Marble-

head. Near the foot of this hill have been found evidences of its once being a favorite habitation for the Indians. Carriages may be found here, awaiting our order.

But on we go, through the hills, whose bold surfaces are marked only by the dim lines which note their intermingling, and the stone walls which pass over and about them. Occasionally a farmer's residence snuggles cosily under the projecting wing of two sloping sides, which shield it from the cold blasts of winter, and cause the delicious fragrance of the summer breeze to linger around the open door. The woods, too, offer their relief to the eye, as if the scene would be too monotonous without them; and here, to complete the picture, across our track runs the sluggish Ipswich River, with its numerous forks, and its surface broken by stump and brush, sweeping lazily down through the village in a serpentine course, and farther on the towering spires of the village of Ipswich, with the County House and Asylum standing at the right, frowning upon us with its cold brick walls as if to show us that life has its dark shadows as well as bright sun-spots. A few revolutions of the wheels, and we are at

IPSWICH,

27 miles from Boston, 80 from Portland.

At the foot of the hill is the business part of the town. The church and the court house occupy the centre upon the granite ledge at the summit, on the left is the hotel, and on the right the old Probate office building, and a little farther down, the Female Seminary. From the depot up to this church is a fine row of dwellings with good gardens, and ornamented yards, and farther on, turning to the left at

the base of those hills seen from the cars, we find as pleasant a spot as could have been selected by the population that has settled down so thickly upon it. Or upon the other side of the road, a few rods from the station we can turn to the right, passing by the post office and stores, over the famous stone bridge which spans the river, and find a settlement hid behind a row of giant elms bordering on the parade. At the right of the court house is the route down to the wharves and landings, and near the bank of the river stands the House of Cor-ection. The town, around this immediate vicinity, is compactly built. An air of comfort and thrift characterize it. The early "inhabitants possessed intelligent minds, virtuous hearts, useful influence and respectable character. They well understood how the elements of society should be for the promotion of its welfare, and how such elements should be formed and kept pure from ignorance and irreligion. They were careful of their own example, and thereby gave force to their precepts. They provided and supported schools. They selected able and pious men for their guides. They attended to these and other concerns of society, as persons who felt bound to consult the benefit of posterity as well as their own immediate good." Such was the character of the fathers and to this day the record will bear the same evidence.

Ipswich was the first place in Essex county that bore the footprint of a European. In 1611 two men came here, were kindly received by the Indians, but did not remain. In March, 1633, John Winthrop, jr., a son of the governor, with twelve others, commenced a settlement, and in April following, a few others were permitted to become inhabitants. Rev. Thomas Parker and about 100 others followed the next year, when the name of *Agawam* was changed to Ipswich. The town had a rapid growth for one possessing no commer-

cial advantages As Smith, the voyager, says, "This place might content a right curious judgment; but there are many sands at the entrance of the harbour, and the worst is, it is inbayed too farre from the deepe sea." This is undoubtedly true. Had the harbor of Ipswich been deep and capacious, it would probably have been a city. Not possessing this advantage, the inhabitants engaged themselves in agriculture and manufactures; thus the town became somewhat noted as a manufacturing village. Thread and silk lace were made here to a great extent. As early as 1796 about 42,000 yards were turned off annually. The Boston and Ipswich Lace Factory was incorporated in 1824, but was discontinued in 1828. The New England Lace Factory was incorporated in 1827, and ceased operations in 1833. The Cotton Factory erected in 1829, on the banks of the river near by, on our right, is still successfully operated. The brick building directly across the way from the depot, is used as a manufactory of knit goods. It is operated by the proprietors. The boot and shoe trade is now carried on extensively.

At one period, there was a considerable trade here, and some commerce, and many of the towns that have now a good market, sent to Ipswich for their supplies. It was a famous stopping place in the days of stages, one of the most attractive on the route from Portsmouth to Boston. You can scarcely meet a man who then passed over the road, that has not something to say of the "good times" passed at the old "Agawam." One of the three shire towns in the county, where the important terms of the Court were held, the seat of the County Treasury and the Probate records, an importance was attached to it that made it of general fame. In number of inhabitants it did not come up to some of its less important neighbors. In 1820 its population was 2583. At present the census shows 3304.

The people of Ipswich once paid a respect to the dead which would hardly be tolerated by society now. In reference to the burial of Rev. Thomas Cobbett, Felt's history contains the following: "1685, Nov. 6th. Voted, That some persons be appointed to look to the burning of the wine, and the heating of the cider against the time appointed for the funeral. The expense of the occasion was £17 19s., exclusive of clothing for the minister's family. Among the articles provided were thirty-two gallons of wine, and a large quantity of cider, with 104 pounds of sugar, and about four dozen of gloves." The funeral charges of a respectable man interred here in 1739, exceeded those of Mr. Cobbett, as previously stated, as much as ten times. In love affairs we find curious regulations. In the Ipswich Court, in Sept. 1660, "Daniel Blake is fined £5, and respited for £4, conditionally, for making love to Edmund Burk's daughter without her parent's consent."

During the struggle for independence, Ipswich exhibited a lofty patriotism in furnishing men and money. Among the most serviceable of her citizens was Nathaniel Wade, who died in 1826. He took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, as captain of the "Ipswich Minute Men," of Long Island, of Hærlam and White Plains. He was colonel during the whole campaign in Rhode Island. The following letter sent to him may not be uninteresting:

"Head Quarters, Robinson's House, 25th Sept., 1780.

"SIR:—General Arnold is gone to the enemy. I just now received a line from him, inclosing one to Mrs. Arnold, dated on board the Vulture. From this circumstance and Col. Lamb's being detached on some business, the command of the garrison, for the present, devolves on you. I request you will be vigilant as possible; and as the enemy may have it in contemplation to attempt some enterprise, even to-night, against these posts, I wish you to make, immediately after the receipt of this, the best disposition

you can of your force, so as to have a proportion of men in each work on the west side of the river. You will see or hear from me to-morrow.

"I am, sir, your mo. ob. servt.,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

In 1768 Col. W. commanded a regiment against the insurgents under Shays.

The ecclesiastical history of this town is one full of interest and importance. The worthy line of ministers, the most substantial and talented among the whole number that came over from England, have added to the history of the church a lustre which age can never dim. Such names as Parker, Ward, Rogers, (a descendant of the martyr,) Cobbett, and their worthy successors, form a galaxy of bright stars, not eclipsed by any which have shone in the history of any other New England towns.

Ipswich has acquired some reputation as a watering place. The beach, some miles from the centre of the town, is an attractive and healthy place, and the lower end of Plum Island, which belongs to the town, is one of the finest resorts for water parties in the county. There are few towns better suited to the invalid than this. The clear atmosphere and general quietness, with the fine drives and walks, are highly beneficial to health.

"*The Devil and Tom Walker,*" an expression familiar to all the residents in this vicinity, had its origin in this town. The story runs in this wise. One of the early residents, Thomas Walker, with more regard for his temporal than spiritual welfare, made an assertion that he would make a suit of clothes for the devil, if he could get good pay for it. Soon after this, rambling in the woods one day, in Linebrook parish, near Topsfield line, he was accosted by an individual, who desired a suit, to be completed on a certain

day, and delivered under a large elm tree, which is still standing, in the west part of the town, in the vicinity of Mile Creek bridge. In measuring the man, Tom was surprised to find that material variations from the ordinary rules of the craft would be imposed upon him, in order to have a good fitting garment. There were marked peculiarities in the physical formation of his customer, and, to his great consternation, the feet were found to be such as popular belief accorded to his satanic majesty. With the recollection of his assertion, Tom tremblingly completed the measure and the bargain, and hastened to the worthy minister for relief from his perilous situation. The minister, whose name we will keep a secret, thought over the matter, and finally directed him to make the clothes, saving every scrap of cloth and thread, and prepare them at the time appointed. He must then call upon him, and they would go together. Following this advice, when ready, Tom and the minister proceeded to the place appointed, the minister with his Bible, and Tom with his bundle, and at the instant found the strange individual on the spot. The clothes were delivered while the minister was at prayer for Tom's safety, and the money paid. While paying the price, the mysterious personage remarked, that were it not for the black coat yonder, he should claim Tom for the silk left in his needle. Thus the devil was for once cheated in his purpose, and Tom learned a valuable lesson.

Four miles further on, over farm and meadow and swamp, we come to the Rowley River. Upon the bridge we have a fine view of the sand hills of Plum Island on the right, and of the hills on the left, with the spires peeping up from their sides. A few rods from the bridge, and we stop at the station in

ROWLEY,

31 miles from Boston, 76 from Portland,

Little of which can be seen from the railroad, but it is one of the pleasantest towns in Essex county. There is everything about it substantial, prosperous and agreeable. In the summer season it is hardly possible for one to go over the green hillocks and through the quiet intervals, along the road, dust laid by the late showers, or by the sparkling brooks, fringed with luxuriant grass and flowers, and see the quiet and peace that reigns everywhere in this old town—the contentment and prosperity of its stable farmers, and the thrift and joyousness of its active mechanics, without wishing that he had been born in Rowley; that it had been his lot first to have heard there the lowing of the cattle, and down its hillsides to have tumbled the ripened pumpkins when autumn yellowed the leaves. Let the world go. To be born in such a place, and in the searness of old age to die in such a place, and to sleep at last in the same dust with the good old fathers of olden times, were enough to fill the cup of mortal happiness full.

Rowley was blest at the outset with uncommon settlers. The Puritans generally were men of high characters, strong wills, well disciplined minds and deep piety. They were not thriftless outcasts, that poverty drove from home; they were not greedy adventurers seeking gold, but men tried in the struggles for civil and religious freedom, and capable of acting well their part in life. And among the best of these appears to have been the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, the first minister, and the twenty families that he brought with him from England, (whose number afterwards increased to sixty,) to form the settlement. The historian says: "They were goodly men and most of them of good estate;" and to this

day their influence lives in that settlement. Their habits and character are stamped upon the people, notwithstanding Mr. Rogers, had fears that sweeping judgments would fall upon them in his time, for the bad tendencies of the young, and thought all goodness was to die with the fathers; for "even the children of the godly," says he, "make a woful proof so that I tremble to think what will become of this glorious work that we have begun, when the ancients shall be gathered unto their fathers; I fear peace and blessing will die with them." That was in 1657, nineteen years after the first settlement; but Rowley to-day, holds the same high character it always did. In some respects, physically too it has very little changed. The roads are now pretty much where they were then; and so correct an idea did they have of the location, that they have needed but few additions, and the main streets yet bear the old names—Bradford street, where the Jewetts lived, from the name of the town they left in England, and Weathersfield street, where Mr. Rogers lived, from the name of the town where he was born in 1590, in Essex County, England.

There is a good story told of one of these Jewetts, a preacher of goodly character. During the violent earthquake that happened in this vicinity, the total destruction of the world was most confidently anticipated. Hearing the rumbling, and expecting every moment that Gabriel would blow his trump, he awoke his wife, who had lately purchased a silk dress, saying, "Elizabeth, get up quickly and put on your new brocade, for the end of the world has come." He undoubtedly wished her to appear in her best attire.

The people of Rowley were early noted for enterprise and industry. In 1643 the first fulling mill in New England was erected by one John Pearson, in the parish still known as Byfield parish, and the town exceeded all others, at that pe-

riod, in the manufacture of cotton. Ship building, as it was called in those days, was carried on to a considerable extent at the landing, near the depot. Vessels of from thirty to ninety tons were built near the homes of the contractors, and hauled to the river by oxen. One of ninety tons burthen, called the "Country's Wonder," was built by Nathaniel Perley, upon the Common, and hauled a mile and a half to the river. Of late years, quite an extensive shoe trade has been carried on, and several of her citizens have acquired wealth thereby. The cultivation of fruit was at one time quite a business, but other towns have taken the lead. In 1830 there were 16 tanneries which manufactured about $50,000 worth of leather annually. The territorial limits have been much reduced by taking from it the towns of Bradford, Boxford and Georgetown, so that the population has decreased from 2,044 in 1830, to 1,214 in 1856.

Rowley acquired considerable fame by her efforts made in the struggles against the Indians, and during the Revolutionary war. A larger ratio of people volunteered than from any of the neighboring towns, and positions of honor and responsibility were held by some of her citizens.

As before stated, there is nothing in the recent history of the town that would be of interest to the general reader. The changes have been such as are observed in every place, and such as our advance in intelligence and the arts would necessarily make in a community.

Leaving this depot, we ride along to Parker River, upon the banks of which the first settlement was made, once the avenue for the commerce of Newbury, and, in early times, celebrated for its abundance of fish. This river was once noted for its oysters, which were of a large size, (some of them measuring more than a foot,) of excellent flavor, and found in great abundance for many years after the settlement

of the country. The shells of the Parker River oysters furnished lime which made mortar, said to be as hard as granite. As an illustration of this, when the first house was built on Kent's Island, the chimney was built of clay to the roof, and the top of mortar consisting of lime manufactured from the shells of those oysters; when the house had stood more than one hundred years, wishing to build a new house, they undertook first to tear down the chimney, but with all their efforts they could not loosen a brick; they went inside and raised it from the clay with levers, when it rolled down the roof of a two-story house and fell to the ground without starting a brick. It was afterwards used for a goose pen, and continued so to be used within the memory of my informant. Says the historian: "The first vessels built in Newbury were undoubtedly erected on the banks of the river Parker, and were designed for the fishery and the coasting trade. At that time the channel of the river was much deeper than it is now, or vessels of fifty or sixty tons could not pass safely up to the doors of the inhabitants." Crossing this river, we have a fine view of the celebrated "Old-town" hill, with a few scattered farm-houses nestling upon its sides. After passing the granite ledge on Kent's Island, still in the possession of the heirs of Richard Kent, jr., to whom it was granted in 1647, by "the men deputed to order the affaires of the new towne," a fine view opens to the right, in the foreground of which stands the old grist-mill, an heir-loom from centuries lost in the past, but still laboring with all the energy of youth. The neat houses around it belong to the proprietor of the mill and the workmen. Beyond this point, down the river, rise the sand-cliffs of Plum Island, separated from the main land by a narrow channel, much resorted to by sportsmen in the Spring and Autumn, for the geese, ducks, and various other fowls that gather there on their annual

passage to the north or their return to warmer climes. Upon the left hand we look up the valley of the Parker River towards Newbury, Byfield, where is Dummer Academy, the first incorporated institution of the kind in the state, and to this day a school of much celebrity. We are in the town of Newbury, in which is no railroad station. The town is principally a farming place, the seaport having long since been separated for another municipality, and the manufacturing portions now being incorporated into other towns. Near the little pond on our left, after crossing the first road since we left Kent's Island, is the region known as the "Devil's Den," in the vicinity of which was the first discovery of lime-stone in the New England States.

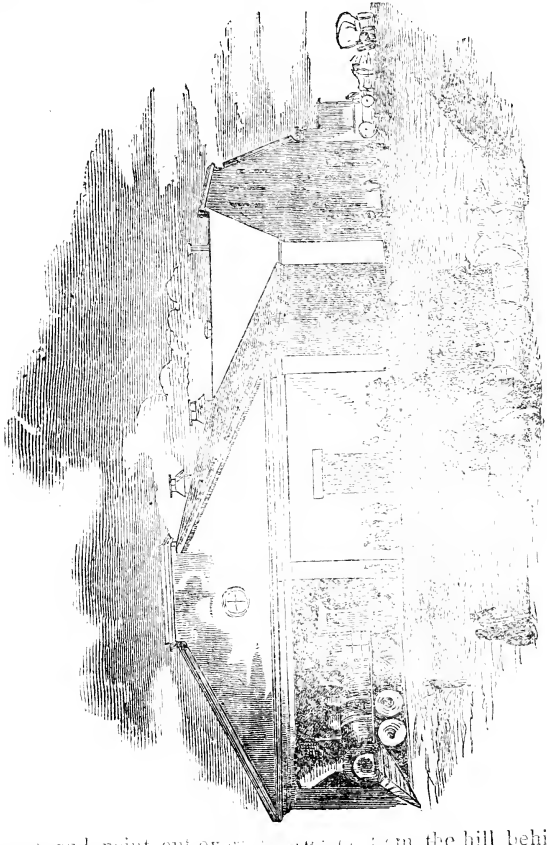
The city of Newburyport, directly ahead, is not much seen by this approach, as it chiefly lies upon land sloping towards the river and the ocean on the east. We hurry on by the the brick-yards, through the hills, over the small prairie stretching out under the name of Common Pasture, and by the old burying grounds that are close at hand, the sleeping-place of more persons than compose the present population of the city. Above the high land are seen the spires of the churches and the cupolas upon the houses, and just beyond us, with its high stone walls and iron picks is the county jail. Running through the tunnel and the deep cut beyond, we are in the fine and commodious station-house at

NEWBURYPORT,

36 miles from Boston, 71 from Portland.

A more beautiful place than Newburyport we seldom find. Faced by the river Merrimac, surrounded by hills, and having back and around it a fine rural country, no better or more healthy location can be found in the state. From the

river we look upon its sidling surface, washed by every shower and cleaned by every rain, and can mark every



NEWBURYPORT DEPOT.

street, and point out every house, from the hill behind, we look down into its bosom, where quietness and peace and

happiness are to a remarkable degree within the reach of its intelligent, moral, and industrious inhabitants. One is surprised that the first settlers in this neighborhood did not select this above all spots, upon which to pitch their tents. But we forget that man made the town,—that what it is, is the result of thought, and energy, and labor. In 1635, when our forefathers, pushing onward for the advantages of the meadows, under the lead of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Parker, came to the "Great River," it was the Parker River, not the Merrimac; and the old town was upon that spot, near the Parker River bridge. The beauty of the town was not here to begin with. The Indians even did not stop here; they stopped above and below. Gliding down the river in their light canoes, they pursued the wild fowl, pierced the sturgeon, and, on the opposite side, sat down at their clam gatherings, or by their council fires. But where the market now stands was a dense alder swamp, which at high water was nearly an Island,—the tide coming in near the foot of Federal street, and running up to the spot where the town pump now stands. When, therefore, the people became numerous, and left the "old town," they went to the north end, and in 1654 a ferry was established nearly two miles above the market, at Carr's Island. Evidently they could see no commercial advantages from the location, for the street by the water side was laid out but two rods wide, while elsewhere in town they were from four to seven rods. The centre of the town was generally neglected, as is seen from the fact that as late as 1700, only two houses were built on the banks of the Merrimac below the railroad crossing.

In 1764, for various reasons, 647 acres, or one square mile of the town of Newbury, on which were 2282 of the 4000 inhabitants, was set off and incorporated under the name of Newburyport, which has since been increased, in 1851, by

more territory and inhabitants from the original town, upon every side of it except the river. The town up to the days of the Revolution had a rapid and vigorous growth. Ship building became a very important interest, and before the separation from Great Britain the Merrimac-built ships attained, as they have retained, a high reputation. Within the memory of living inhabitants, ninety vessels have been in process of construction at one time in this town. About 1770 several rafts of timber, in the form of ships, completely solid, with the exception of a small cavity for the accommodation of the sailors, were constructed in New England and sent to London. One of these, built in Newbury, and bearing the name of the town, arrived out in 26 days.

In the early Indian wars and the Revolution the people patriotically furnished supplies, troops and officers. A British ship, loaded with provisions and stores for the British army in Boston, was seized in the bay, by seventeen men in an open boat. It was then noted for furnishing a large number of privateersmen, and eventually the loss of these men was very heavy on the place. As an instance of the patriotism of the people in the struggle for independence, we may state that the first privateer fitted out in the United States, sailed from this port, in August, 1775, and was owned by Nathaniel Tracy, Esq. From that time to 1783, Mr. Tracy was the principal owner of 110 merchant vessels, having an aggregate tonnage of 15 660, which with their cargoes were valued at $2,733.300. Twenty-three of the above vessels were letters-of-marque, and mounted 298 carriage guns, and registered 1,618 men. Of these 110 sail, but 13 were left at the end of the war, all the rest were taken by the enemy or lost. During this same period, Mr. Tracy was also the principal owner of 24 cruising ships, the combined tonnage of which was 6,330, carrying 340 guns, six, nine

and twelve pounders, and navigated by 2,800 men. Of these 24 cruisers, only one remained at the close of the war. But they had not been idle, nor were they ignobly surrendered. These ships captured from the enemy 120 sail, amounting to 23,360 tons; which, with their cargoes, were sold for *three million nine hundred and fifty thousand specie dollars*;—($167,-219. Mr. Tracy devoted to the army, and other public demands;) and with these prizes were taken 2,225 men, prisoners of war. In the brigantine Dalton, there were no less than 54 citizens, who were taken and thrown into the noted Mill Prison, at Plymouth, England. Among them was Henry Lunt, who had served as lieutenant under Paul Jones, in his desperate fight in the Bon Homme Richard. There were 22 vessels, with 1000 men, from Newburyport, that never returned from their expeditions, or were ever heard of. The war of the elements was more destructive than the war of men. In the war of 1812, however, though Newburyport furnished many men, and some distinguished officers, among whom was Brigadier General John Boyd, the compeer of Brown and Scott, who fought in the Revolution, it showed a bad spirit to the administration.

After the revolutionary struggle Newburyport at once engaged in commerce, and the first vessel that displayed the American flag in the river Thames was the *Count de Grasse*, Capt. Nicholas Johnson, of Newburyport. The first American vesssel fitted out for the Labrador was also from Newburyport. In 1781 its shipping was more than 9000 tons, and it had ten distilleries and sugar houses. In 1790 the population of the two towns was 8,800, and the tonnage of the port was 11,870. Soon after, (1798) came on the difficulties with France, when the merchants here built by subscription a 20 gun ship, and presented her to the government. At that time there was enjoyed a very

extensive commerce, especially to the West Indies, and a fair prospect of great wealth and importance. There was not a more prosperous place in the Union; and shipping in 1807 had increased to 30,000 tons, three-fourths as large as now, and since they were small vessels, returning often, they made a great business. Then came on the embargo, and what vessels were not seized, were left to rot at the wharves. But a slight affair did not discourage the people, and as soon as the storm cleared up they were again at work. In 1810 there were built on the Merrimac, 21 ships, 13 brigs, 1 schooner and 7 other vessels, amounting to over 12,000 tons—the largest amount ever built in any one year.

This brings us down to the fated day, when Newburyport got its 'never get over' the Great Fire of 1811, that burned the heart out of the town, taking 250 buildings, which, with other property destroyed, amounted to $1,500,000. This took most of what it had on the land, and the next year war was declared, which, interrupting the commerce and fisheries, took what it had on the water. The history of Newburyport pretty much stops here. It had a little country trade left, but the Middlesex Canal, built just after, turned that to Boston, and by furnishing timber to that locality, carried ship building with it. The results were seen in this, that the shipping went down in 1816 to 24,691 tons; and in 1820 to 20,000 tons, but two-thirds of what it was in 1807. For ten years onward, to 1830, it dragged out a dying existence, till the population had dwindled from 7,634 to 6,741, and the valuation had depreciated one half.

The next movement was in the whale fishery, where it run well for a season. In 1835, it had four first class whalers, valued at $175,000, but this was soon abandoned.

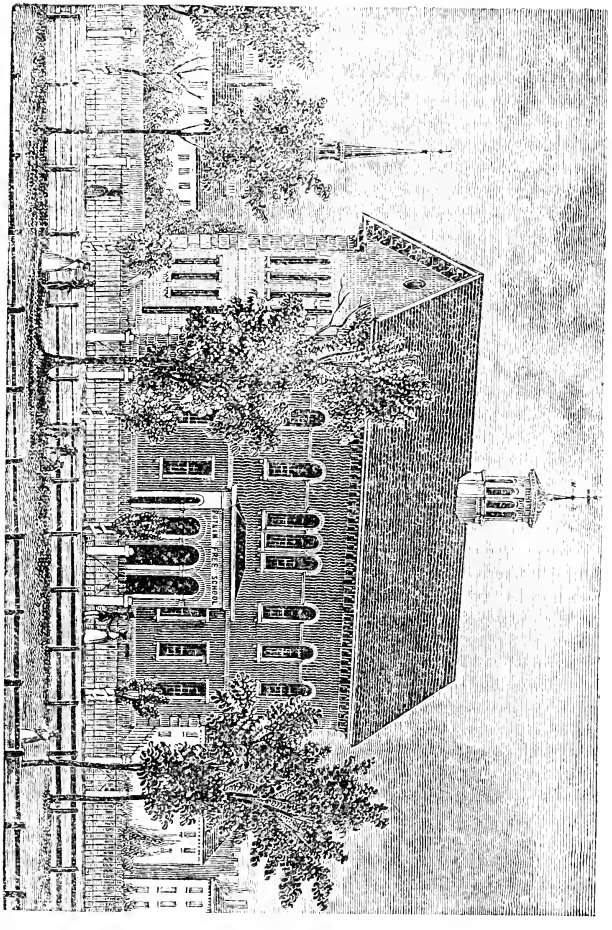
In 1835, Newburyport had 150 cod and mackerel fishermen, that employed 1350 men, and landed 27,777 barrels of

mackerel, and 20,000 quintals of codfish; it had 32 square-rigged freighting vessels, and the four whalemen, and the valuation was $3,306,400.

The next important enterprise, tending to revive the town was cotton manufacturing, and the six mills, erected within a few years, have a capital of $1,180,000, employing 1530 hands, and manufacturing 11,385,000 yards of cloth. Ship building has increased since 1843, its lowest point, when it amounted to 1,400.89 tons, and varying as follows: in 1845, 15 vessels, 5,463.53 tons; 1847, 21 vessels, 7,036.74 tons; 1848, 25 vessels, 8,585.91 tons; 1850, 10 vessels, 7,656.65 tons. Though the number of ships owned here has fallen off the tonnage has increased, but in the fisheries it has decreased. In ship building, however, it has been second only to Boston in the state, and in fishing, maintained the third rank. Besides the changes in business already remarked, there have been others worth notice. Tanning and preparing leather was once a prominent pursuit. In 1781, there were in Newburyport and Newbury, 64 tanneries, a part of them in connection with slaughter houses. In 1845 they had dwindled to five. Rope making was once extensively carried on. So late as 1840, there were six rope-walks in Newbury, and one in Newburyport, one of them being worked by steam power. The business is now entirely abandoned. In 1781 there were ten distill and sugar houses; only one distillery is now left. That the vessels built on the Merrimac excel still, as of old, their present fame gives ample assurance. Some of the finest and fastest ships for the New York packet lines for some years past, were built at Newburyport.

That our readers may have a better idea of the topographical appearance of the city, we quote the following description from Newhall's Register: "The situation of the town

is indeed uncommonly beautiful. The populous part stands upon a slope, gently declining to the river. By whatever avenue it is approached, its appearance never fails to impress the mind of the visitor with pleasurable sensations. As you approach it upon the eastern road or from the sea, it presents the aspect of a considerable city, extending to the distance of nearly three miles. The town is laid out with an unusual degree of regularity. A lower street, upon which the wharves and docks open, follows the course of the river, and parallel with this an upper or High street extends the whole length of the town. Various avenues pass through its centre, and a sufficient number of generally wide and spacious streets, at regular intervals intersect these at right angles and connect the upper with the lower street. A large and convenient market place, which is surrounded by brick stores, is in the immediate vicinity of the principal wharves and docks. The dwelling houses and other buildings are generally kept in good repair, and present a neat and often elegant appearance. Some of the principal houses are extremely handsome; and there are few of any condition which do not possess a considerable garden spot, which gives a very open and airy aspect to the town, at the same time that it promotes that general health for which the place has always been highly distinguished. The town is well shaded by numerous trees, many of which are of ancient growth and great beauty. As you enter State street from the southward, in the summer season, these noble relics of another day, which skirt its borders, compose one of the most beautiful vistas of green foliage which ever refreshed the eye; and many a returning wanderer, as these rose upon his view, has felt his heart glow with warmer love for the home of his childhood, and has doubted whether in all his wanderings, he has looked upon a scene more fair."

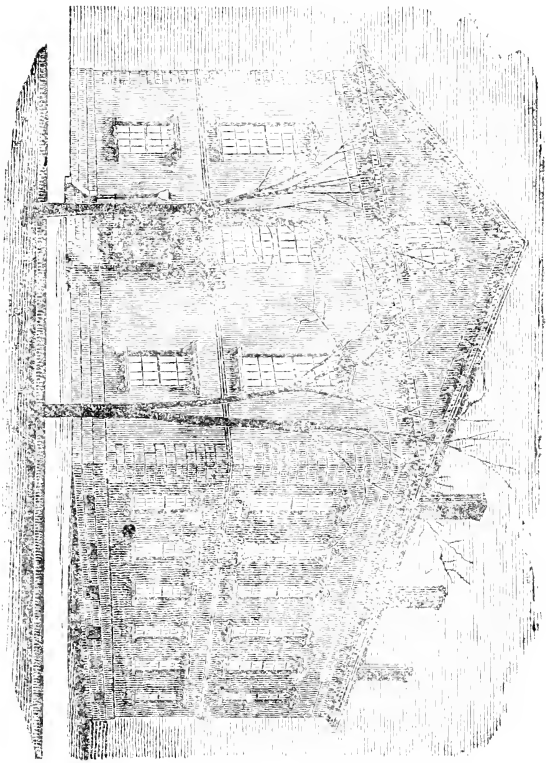


The avenue known as High street is remarkable for its location, extent and beauty. Many portions of it not only afford an extensive view of the scenery for ten miles in the surrounding country, the full extent of the handsomest portion of the city, and the numerous private residences, gardens, lawns and landscapes, but it commands a most beautiful panoramic view of the coast, from Cape Ann to the Isles of Shoals, including Plum Island and the harbor. The location of this street is the admiration of strangers from all parts of the country.

Strangers, in visiting this town, will be surprised that it is not more generally known as a summer resort, or in fashionable parlance, a watering place. People may talk as they will of the pleasures and amusement to be had in distant localities, the springs, beaches, riding grounds, fishing, sailing, gunning, bathing, hopping, beautiful rural scenery, or water views of surpassing loveliness, glorious sun-risings from the ocean, or splendid sun-sets behind blue clouds and brown hills, but after all they have nothing and can have nothing that is not had or could not be enjoyed in this immediate vicinity; and one of these days, when some enterprising men shall make suitable preparation and use proper inducements to bring travel here, they will amass fortunes thereby. There is not a spot in New England better suited to the pleasure and health seeker, than at the Laurel grounds at the north part of the city. If springs are wanted, there are the Bartlet Springs close by, with as much "healing in their waters" as though every drop was made precious by recommendation. You want drives? There they are up and down the valley of the Merrimac, as lovely a spot as creation affords; or down High street to Oldtown Green, for six miles in the shade of 1500 elms, where the fresh inland breeze and the

view of the ocean are had all the way. You want boat rides? It is truth of the Merrimac, that

"No watery glades, through richer valleys shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."



You want fishing? The river and the brooks are back of you; the vasty deep before. You want beaches? Salisbury

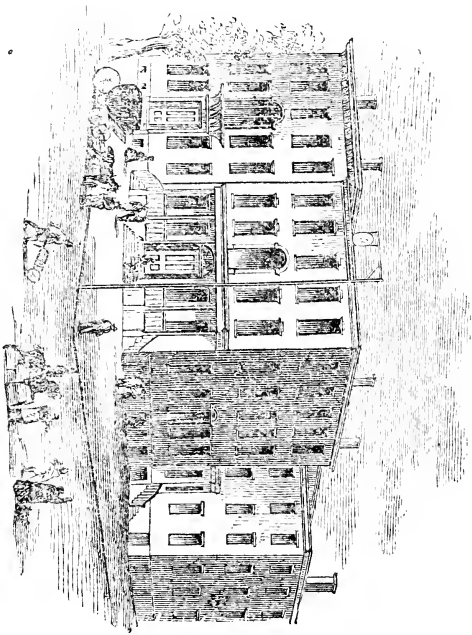
and Plum Island, Hampton and Boar's Head are each within an hour or two of your door. You want retired nooks and tangled woods! On the very spot, and from the Devil's Den to the farthermost hill side they can be found. Tell us of the gaiety of Newport and Saratoga. They would all be equalled by this locality. We cannot help thinking that some day these things will be, and thousands of persons will visit Newburyport for pleasure, where one now goes abroad in its pursuit; — that not always will it be true, that

> "What's within our ken,
> Owl-like we blink at, and direct our search
> To farthest Indies in quest of novelties;
> While here at home, upon our very threshold,
> Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
> Of interest wonderful."

In 1851, a portion of the territory of Newbury, with two-thirds of her population and property was annexed to Newburyport. This brought up the population of Newburyport to 12,866. The same year the town received an act of incorporation as a city, and the government was changed accordingly. Present population 13,357.

The principal public buildings, are the Custom House, a large granite structure with an elegant Grecian portico; the Court House occupying the centre of one of the finest parade grounds in the country,—it is known as the Bartlet Mall, and overlooks a beautiful sheet of water, lying in a basin thirty feet below the surrounding land, the banks of which are terraced and ornamented with fences and trees. The new City Hall, is a spacious edifice, and fronts on Brown's square. The School Houses are very neat and ornamental, The Putnam Free School Building and the Female High School House, are among the best of their class. The Church edifices are equal to any in the country. The Pleasant street Church is a perfect model of architectural

taste. The Old South Church is an object of great interest, the remains of the celebrated Whitfield who died in this city, in 1770, being deposited beneath a beautiful cenotaph, standing in the east corner of the Church. The Merrimac House, formerly known as the old "Wolfe Tavern," which



MERRIMAC HOUSE.

occupies so important a place in the history of this city, is now one of the best hotels in the county, having been much enlarged and improved. It posseses every quality the traveller desires, and is superintended by a landlord, (Colonel

Charles Tuttle,) attentive, gentlemanly and hospitable. It is located on the corner of Harris street on State street, in the very centre of business. Here are many elegant private residences and some extensive gardens. The Woodland place, owned by Charles Wills, Esq., is one of the most beautiful country seats in the State, and is kept in the very best order.

Newburyport occupies a high position in morality and intelligence, maintaining in goodly number all those institutions for intellectual progress found in New England communities. Before we leave this city, we must visit

PLUM ISLAND.

This famous resort for pleasure seekers is at the mouth of the Merrimac river, about three miles from the depot. Carriages run to and fro, twice each day, and boats are constantly on the way down to the beach. The island is nine miles long; the southern portion contains a few dwelling houses and farms, but the northern part is entirely composed of sand, which is thrown by the wind into hillocks of various heights and forms, and on the eastern shore is continually the sport of the Atlantic billows, which change its outline from year to year. The beach is one of the finest imaginable. Through its whole extent it is steep and precipitous under water, so that the great ocean swells break upon it in all their majesty, and roll their weight of surging foam up the gently rising strand. As far as eye can see, in storm, long continuous lines of breakers swell and dash up the winding shore, giving the most vivid sense of the everlasting swaying and washing and heaving of the unrestful sea. When the wind blows strongly from the northeast, the waves roll in from the wide ocean, with nothing to break their force before they plunge upon the beach. An eastern storm on

Plum Island is one of the grandest sights in nature. The formation of the coast is peculiarly adapted to give height and majesty to long swells that come rolling in from far out to sea, and break in mighty thunder on the sand. The scene is wonderfully enlivened by the cross play of the breakers on the two sand bars, near the bar, that run out nearly at right angles with the shore. The swell, striking on the further point of the bar, divides and then swings round and meeting, spring high into the air and fall in a turbulent wrangle of surge and foam. The shore is white with beaten foam, torn and rent, and flung about by the wind.

There is a good hotel on the island, where visitors are sure of courteous and hospitable attention. If you want a few days of pleasant recreation, there is no better place to find it than at Plum Island.

From the station house at Newburyport we run on by the freight and engine houses, over the street by the river side, on to the bridge. This structure was originally a suspension bridge, the finest in this country. It was purchased by the railroad corporation, the towers taken down, and trusses introduced for support in place of the chains, and the track laid above the carriage way. The bridge is now considered one of the most substantial and safe along the line From this eminence we have a novel sight. Right and left we overlook the city, taking in, at each point, the entire water line of the town. The river, for miles above and below, Plum Island, Salisbury Beach, the bay, and far in the distance, the ocean, are seen upon the right, while on the left the whole range of territory to Powow Hill, with its towns and villages, is embraced.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, thus speaks of the noble Merrimac :—

"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still,

The sunset rays thy valleys fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hills in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which the returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath the gush of sunset light."

Passing over the bridge nothing presents itself worthy of our notice, until we come to

EAST SALISBURY,

38 miles from Boston, 69 from Portland.

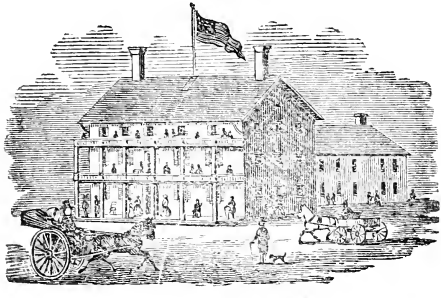
The branch road to Amesbury and Salisbury Mills Villages runs from this point. This town is one of the oldest in Massachusetts, on the north bank of the Merrimac river, having been incorporated in 1640. Salisbury and other towns on that side of the river, never seemed rightfully to belong to this State. The natural boundary of New Hampshire was the Merrimac, and the original grant of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, was from Merrimac river to Sagadahock, now the Kennebeck. But that was a time when the geography of the country was little understood, for as late as 1634, some people supposed that New England

was an island formed by the Hudson and what was called the "spacious river Canada." However, almost a hundred years after, when Salisbury had become a large town, so that several sessions of the General Court had been held there, it was decided by the Legislatures of the adjoining States, one of them sitting in Salisbury, that the division line should be between Hampton and Salisbury. In 1643 a new county was made, which comprehended all the towns between the Merrimac and Piscataqua rivers, and was called Norfolk. Salisbury was the shire-town. The Church was formed two years before the incorporation, in 1638, whose first pastor was Rev. Wm. Worcester, from Salisbury in England, and thence it derived its name. In 1698 Rev. Caleb Cushing, the grandfather of Attorney General Cushing, who was born in this town, was settled over this Church. That parish was in East Salisbury, which as the original settlement, has since been called "Old town." In early times the meadows were an important consideration in a settlement, and probably on that account the location was selected. As the town had a good soil and commercial advantages, it partook of the prosperity of this section of the Merrimac valley, and attained a position equal to that of its neighbors. Some of the most important pursuits that once gave it rank and wealth, such as ship-building, foreign commerce, and the fisheries, it has almost entirely abandoned and though it has turned to other business so as not absolutely to fall back, still it has allowed other towns to go far ahead of it. There are three villages in the township, East Salisbury, around this station, and the Point and Mills Village, which we shall speak of when we return to our trip upon the branch road running to Amesbury.

This section of the town is principally agricultural, and though the land is not so fertile as much of the soil beyond,

yet industry and good management have made the people prosperous and happy. Quite a number of distinguished men sprung from this town.

Salisbury beach, on the sea shore, is several miles in length. It is composed of yellow sand and beside a curiosity to visitors, is one of the great resorts for watering parties. A commodious house has recently been erected upon the beach by Mr. Alfred Titcomb, and every inducement is



ATLANTIC HOUSE.

held out for pleasure parties and for boarders. There is an uninterrupted sea and coast view, of thirty miles in extent, obtained from this house and the facilities for bathing are unequalled. Mr. T. is one of the best of landlords, and his house possesses all the comforts sought for. Coaches may be found at the station. The ride to the house is very pleasant.

Leaving the Salisbury station we pass along through an unattractive country, mostly hid from us by woods. About one mile from the depot we leave Massachusetts and cross the New Hampshire line. The next three miles is quickly made, when the voice of the conductor informs us we are at

SEABROOK,

42 miles from Boston, 65 miles from Portland.

This town was settled as early as 1638, but was not incorporated until 1768. The early settlers were mostly from Massachusetts, and the southerly portion of the town was formerly included within the limits of that State. It was at one time the residence of Meshech Weare, President of the New Hampshire Assembly. "The west part of the town is undulating. The middle and eastern portions are comparatively level. The soil is light and productive. Extensive tracts are covered with a heavy and valuable growth of timber and wood. There are also large plains of salt marsh. Carn's Brook, rising in Salisbury, passes through the southeast part of the town, and affords a few water privileges of moderate power, which are occupied by saw and grist mills. Several small streams rising in this and adjacent towns, and uniting in the broad marsh along the eastern border, forms Seabrook river, which in its course towards the ocean, unites with Hampton river." Many of the rivulets abound with bog ore of iron. The town derived its name from the number of rivers and rivulets which meander through it.

Seabrook is mostly an agricultural town, though a portion of the inhabitants are engaged in seafaring pursuits, and a few in boat building. The farms about here are better than those in Salisbury. There is an Academy here, erected in 1853, by the munificence of Dr. Edward Dearborn, who left a legacy of $15,000 for its endowment. A society of Friends was formed as early as 1701. The early settlers suffered considerably from the depredations of the Indians, who were numerously located in this section. Edward Gove, a citizen of this town, for his opposition to the British government, in

1683, was convicted of high treason and confined in the Tower of London, for three years. The order for his pardon is still preserved, and reads as follows:—

"James R. Where as Edward Gove was neare three years since apprehended, tryed and condemned for High Treason in our Colony of New England, in America, and in June 1683 was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, we have thought fit to signify our will and pleasure to you, that you cause him, the said Edward Gove, to be inserted in the next general Pardon that shall come out for the poor convicts of Newgate, without any condition of transportation, he giving such security for his good behavior as you will think requisite. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant. Given at our Court at Windsor the 14th day of September 1685, in the first year of our reign.

"By his Maj. his command,

SUNDERLAND."

There are two fine hills in this town from which extensive and beautiful prospects of the surrounding country may be had. The beach is a favorite resort in the summer season, though upon the portion within the corporate limits there is no public house. We have, in passing through, perhaps the most comprehensive view of the settlement, which though but slowly advancing in population or business, is by no means lacking in industry or wealth. The population at the last census was 1393.

From Seabrook on we run through forest and over field, by farm house and cottage, to

HAMPTON FALLS,

44 miles from Boston, 63 from Portland.

The village lays at our left, some distance from the station. It was formerly a part of Hampton, and the history of that town up to its separation includes all the territory embraced within the limits of this and some other corporations. In 1712 it received an act of incorporation, and the same year, the Rev.

Theophilus Cotton, the first minister, was ordained. The inhabitants number about 650, and are mostly engaged in agriculture. The village contains a good Academy; its early reputation brought to it considerable distinction, and even now, in the multiplicity of seminaries, it maintains a good reputation. There are three churches in the town, and a fair supply of school houses. The thickly settled portion is very pleasantly located on a gentle rise of land, surrounded by rural scenes and delightful views.

Time will not allow us to stop here, so away we go, over these extensive meadows, stretching out miles in extent to the ocean beach, as level as a perfect plane, resembling somewhat the huge prairies of the West. The view is a pleasant one,—Boar's Head, with its jutting cliff and spacious hotels, and the blue water of the ocean relieving the monotony of the table land. Two miles bring us to

HAMPTON,

46 miles from Boston, 61 from Portland,

This is one of the oldest and most interesting settlements in New Hampshire — at one time embracing Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Kensington and Seabrook. In 1638, the Massachusetts Colony empowered Richard Dummer and John Spencer to commence improvements, and to build houses at Hampton, then called by the Indians, *Winnicummet.* These hardy pioneers, who were found in the early history of other towns, laboring for the advancement of the Colony, were attracted hither by the value of the great meadows over which we rode on our way from Hampton Falls. Soon after this some persons from Norfolk county, England, had leave to settle here, and their numbers were rapidly increased, until a considerable community, for those

days, was formed. From its infancy down through a long series of years the locality appeared to be a marked place for Indian depredations. In 1703, they suffered a surprise from a number of a hostile tribe, which resulted in the death of five of the inhabitants, among whom was the celebrated Quaker preacher, "Widow Muzzey."

This town was considered a part of the Massachusetts Colony up to 1677, when it was decided that Massachusetts had no right of jurisdiction over New Hampshire; and accordingly Hampton, Portsmouth, Dover and Exeter were brought under the control of the latter state, which, in 1679, was commissioned as a royal province, and the government administered by a President and Council, appointed by the King. Prior to this, there was no general government in this state, to which the settlers could appeal for protection. They formed an independent system by themselves, and made laws based upon the bible. They had one Chief Magistrate and two Assistants, chosen in an Assembly of the people, and holding office one year. These officers were sworn to the faithful discharge of their duty, and the people pledged themselves by oath to obey and zealously labor as directed. This was an early example of pure democratic government in this country. The laws were enacted in Assembly, and had reference to many things outside of ordinary legislation. The drinking of healths and the use of tobacco were forbidden. The intercourse between the sexes and the advances towards matrimony were regulated. The people had a ceremony of betrothing which preceded that of marriage. Pride and levity were frowned upon. Women were forbidden to expose their arms or bosoms to view. Their sleeves must reach to the wrist, and their dresses fit high upon the neck. Men must keep their hair cut short, and no person worth less than £200 was allowed to wear gold or silver lace, or silk hoods and scarfs.

This town had the honor of being the residence of Meshech Weare, and a monument erected within a few years by the citizens of the town, marks the spot where his remains were buried. Several important sessions of the General Court were held here. The Board of Commissioners to fix the line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts met here in 1737. Thomas Webster, the remotest ancestor of Daniel Webster in America, settled at Hampton, in 1636.

The town is pleasantly situated on our right, near the track. It has an Academy, which sustains a very good reputation, and the churches and schools maintain a high character. Previous to the Revolution, and for many years, until after timber in the vicinity became scarce, one or more brigs or ships, from 150 to 350 tons burthen, were annually built, and several vessels from here were engaged in the West India trade. The surface of the land is generally level, gradually descending towards the sea. The soil is excellent, well adapted to tillage and mowing; but there is not pasturage sufficient for grazing to any extent. The population, 1197, is mostly engaged in agriculture.

Within sight of the depot, on the right, stands a quaint gamble-roofed house, the former residence of General M., a Revolutionary hero and patriot, for whom Washington entertained such respect that when he passed the house on his Northern tour, he reverently uncovered his head, in homage of the memory of his companion in arms, who had fought out the battle of life and received his discharge before him. This General was regarded as a strange man by the neighborhood, which believed him in league with the Devil, who, they affirmed, visited him occasionally in the shape of a small man in a leathern dress. The General's house was once burned, in revenge, as it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to fur-

nish the General with a boot-full of gold and silver, poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off, on one occasion, the foot of the boot, and the Devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. When the General died, he was laid out, and put in a coffin, as usual; but, on the day of the funeral, it was whispered about that his body was missing; and the neighbors came to the charitable conclusion that the enemy had got his own at last. He married a very beautiful and accomplished woman, who died but a few years after her marriage, in consequence, as it was reported by the same reliable neighbors, of his cold heartedness and arbitrary treatment. He soon after married a young girl, to whom he presented all the jewelry and ornaments of his first companion. She retired on the wedding night, wearing the costly diamond rings and bracelets which had been worn by her whose head had reclined, but a short time before, on the same bosom where she now pillowed her own. In the middle of the night she was awakened by feeling the icy cold hand of the first wife grasp her own, who unclasped the bracelets from her wrist and drew the rings from her fingers, telling her not to fear, but to give the dead her own. The dead wife having recovered her early tokens, left her to the enjoyment of that love which should have been hers alone. Whittier has rendered the legend immortal, in a poem entitled—"The New Wife and Old," from which we extract the following verses:—

"Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry?
Full of terror, full of pain!
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low:
"Spare me—spare me—let me go!"

God have mercy! Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!" Still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah! the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

HAMPTON BEACH has long been a celebrated resort for invalids and seekers of pleasure. It lies a few miles from the station, on our right. Adjoining this beach is

BOAR'S HEAD, an abrupt eminence. of singular shape, which extends into the sea, and divides the two beaches of Hampton. Coaches may be found at this station for either place.

The next three miles is through a pleasant country, diversified by wood and lawn, field and orchard. It brings us to

NORTH HAMPTON,

49 miles from Boston, 58 miles from Portland,

A town formerly known as North Hill Parish, and belonging to Hampton. The history of the place is included in that of the parent town. It was once the seat of the garrisons, built for protection against the depredations of the Indians. It has a few small mills upon Little river, and the people,

like those in the old town and at the Falls, are industrious and thrifty. It has a population of 822, and possesses all the attractions of a quiet farming village. Bordering upon the ocean, a portion of the beach comes within her territorial limits. Two miles further on we come to

GREENLAND,

51 miles from Boston, 56 from Portland.

The road passes through the most uninviting part of the town—Cedar Swamp and the meadow. The main portion lays upon the road from Portsmouth to Exeter, nearly a mile on our left. It is one of the most beautiful townships in New England,—the soil fertile and well cultivated. One farm alone, in 1855, produced 2,000 barrels of apples. The farmers are generally intelligent and remarkably prosperous. The town was first known as the parish of Greenland, and no record exists of its being set off from Portsmouth. All we know is obtained from the Portsmouth records of 1705, which say that "on the 4th of June the town voted, that the inhabitants of Greenland, in consideration of their numbers, distance they had to travel, and danger of passing to public worship, be paid out of the town stock their proportion of £100 a year, raised for the support of the minister, during the maintainance of an able minister and no longer. The bounds of Greenland were fixed at the south side of Colonel Packer's farm." That year there were 320 inhabitants. The first settlements were made on the bay side, and for some time the only communication was up the Piscataqua and through Greenland bay.

The first object which claims our attention on entering the town is the high hill on the right, as the cars emerge from the woods. On the top a cluster of lofty pines have long

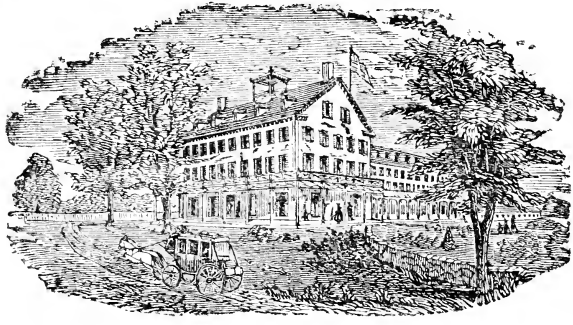
escaped the woodman's axe, and withstood the storm winds from off the sea, to serve as a landmark to the mariner approaching a rock-bound coast. The hill is remarkable for a surprise of a party of Indians, during the first Indian troubles. They had passed up the river, by the town, in the night landed and made an attack on some houses on the Plains, about half a mile distant. These they set on fire, killing two or three of the inmates. They were pursued by the inhabitants, and overtaken at breakfast, on this hill, since which time it has borne the name of "Breakfast Hill."

The geological formation of the town is peculiar. Five miles from the sea, on a high ridge of land, sea shells and pebbles are found at the depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface. In another place, one-eighth of a mile from the Winnicut river, near the head of tide water, river mud, leaves, &c., were found fifteen feet before the surface; on a ridge of clay and gravel formation, river mud was found at a depth of forty feet, and distant three-quarters of a mile from the former place, showing conclusively the recent upheaval of the land.

RYE BEACH.

A ride of four miles from this station, through the town of Rye, one of the most attractive farming villages to be found, over a road broken and diversified by farm and forest scenes, and we come to the green headlands jutting into the ocean, and the fine white beach backed by hills and the deep green woods. This is Rye Beach, the famous watering place, esteemed throughout the States as the most delightful locality on the coast. On the right, just at the head of the beach, is the "Surf House," and a few steps further on the left, is the celebrated "Ocean House," both of which are fine specimens of watering-place architecture, though substantially

built and richly furnished. The Ocean House commands an uninterrupted view of the ocean, is surrounded by garden, grove and lawn, and is every way adapted to the comfort of visitors. Job Jenness, Esq., the proprietor, has a reputation as a landlord which speaks volumes for himself and his charge. Everything which can conduce to make a visit agreeable will be furnished, and no one can leave the house without a desire to return.



OCEAN HOUSE.

This spot is by no means void of historical or traditionary interest. If you want tradition you will be informed that years ago, "three long, solemn-looking men, with hair hanging down around their lank visages like pounds of candles," dug for money upon this beach, under the direction of a muffled Pythoness, whose mystical incantations cheered in the work, wearying alike the souls and bodies of her companions with hope deferred and hard delving; "and how Elder P. a goodly christian" prayed for light, and how the citizens of Rye were in a ferment of excitement to learn the secret which impelled the spirits in their mysterious labor; — or if fact is more pleasing, you will be told that off this

shore has been discovered the remains of a dense forest, stump and fallen trunk, imbedded in the mud, showing that the land here has suffered a depression, and that the ocean has greatly encroached upon its former bounds, or many other things which may be treasured up in the memory, to be conned over at the winter evening's fireside.

Returning to Greenland we start again on our journey. From this station for miles ahead the scenery is monotonous, and we whiz along occupied by what is transpiring in our little oblong world, that moves so rapidly in its course, and perhaps unmindful of much that should interest us from without. But we pray the traveller not to let the political discussion among his masculine friends, nor the chit chat with his lady companions, nor yet the newspapers containing the fullest account of the railroad tragedy, or the new book fresh and damp from the press, detract his attention from the scenes without, as we pass the fine fields, and gardens,—the buildings on our left over the old mill pond, and the factory on our right, and enter the station house at

PORTSMOUTH,

56 miles from Boston, 51 miles from Portland.

This is the principal seaport in New Hampshire, and the the only one which it contains. It is built on a beautiful peninsula on the south side of the Piscataqua river, three miles from the ocean. The peninsula is formed by the north and south mill ponds, and connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus on the northwest, and by bridges at the outlets of the two mill ponds. It is about six miles long and three wide. The population has extended far beyond the peninsular into the country. The surface is uneven, but the hills are not high. The most elevated land is

on the south road; on the highest part of which, there formerly grew seven lofty pines, which were noted land marks for seamen, and the hill took the name of "The seven pines," which it retained after they were all cut down. As seen from an eminence, the harbor, points, islands and adjacent country presents a delightful assemblage of objects. Its location is pleasant and healthy — the land sloping by a gentle declivity towards the ocean. In the central part of the city the streets are generally irregular and many of them narrow. They seem to have been laid out by the owners of the land for their own accommodation, without regard to public convenience or ornament. The buildings are chiefly of brick and of a style somewhat antiquated. Before the commencement of the present century there were but four brick dwelling houses in the town; the rest were of wood and contiguous to each other. But few were so isolated as not to be in danger from fire. After a great portion of the town had been destroyed, an act of the Legislature was passed, authorizing the Selectmen to widen the streets, and prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings of more than twelve feet in height. Most of the buildings erected since have been of brick, and of late years numbers of spacious and handsome stores and tasty and ornamental private residences have been erected in various parts of the city.

The city is supplied with water of an excellent quality, brought by an aqueduct from a fountain three miles distant, and carried through all the principal streets.

The city is remarkable for its commodious harbor, which is so enclosed as to be safe from every storm, and affords good anchorage. It contains forty feet of water, in the channel, at low water, and is protected by islands and headlands from storms. The river opposite the city is three fourths of a mile wide; its current is more than five miles

per hour; its depth at low water, seventy feet. The tide rises here ten feet, and is so rapid as to keep the harbor free from ice, as well as the river for several miles above the town. Its great breadth and delightful bank, in connection with all its other advantages, render it one of the best harbors in the country.

Portsmouth was one of the earliest discovered and first settled places in New England. In the beginning of the 17th century, some merchants of Bristol, England, having formed a private company for the exploration of this country, employed for that service, Capt. Martin Pring, of Bristol, a skilful navigator and much praised by Gorges. They placed under his command two vessels, and in 1603 he set sail and after a prosperous voyage, entered the Piscataqua river, and explored it for three or four leagues. He landed on the shore, in search of sassafras, then esteemed in pharmacy as a sovereign remedy. The city of Portsmouth therefore, justly boasts of her antiquity of two hundred and fifty-four years, and of being the first soil in New Hampshire that was touched by the feet of Englishmen. In 1614, Smith, the navigator, examined and extolled the waters of the river. In 1623 the company of Laconia, in England, consisting of Gorges and Mason, and many eminent, noble and enterprising merchants of London and other cities, selected some choice persons and sent them to establish a plantation on this river. They came here for trade and commerce; were high-minded men, and had enlarged views of government, religion and religious toleration. They were not of the Puritan party, for Gorges and Mason had not the same religious views with the Massachusetts planters. John Mason, the London merchant, member of the Plymouth company for the planting, ruling and governing of New England, and first Governor of this province, advanced a

large sum of money for the welfare of this place, and may be said to have laid the foundation of its commercial prosperity. David Tonson, a Scotchman, who seems to have been prominent among the planters who first settled in this town, built a house at Odiorne's Point, a few rods north of the present evident remains of an ancient fort. It was built the very year of his arrival here, was the first house which was erected on this plantation, and was afterwards called Mason-Hall. It was not till about eight years afterward that Humphrey Chadbourne built the Great House, which was situated on the bank of the river, at the corner of Court and Water streets.

In 1631 the soil in the vicinity of Portsmouth was conveyed to the original planters or to those at whose expense the plantations had been made. The original limits of Portsmouth included the present towns of Portsmouth, Newcastle, Rye, and a part of Newington and Greenland. A favorable impulse was in 1631 given to the Colony, and houses began to be built upon the "Strawberry Bank" of the Piscataqua, as the site of the present city was called. The first house erected in the compact part of the town was built by Humphrey Chadbourne near the corner of Water and Court streets. In 1644 there were about a thousand acres of land attached to it, consisting of marsh, meadow, planting and pasture ground, and mostly under improvement.

In 1641, Portsmouth, with Kittery, Dover and Exeter, was an independent republic. In that year Portsmouth and Dover placed themselves under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. They were to be ruled by the laws of Massachusetts, and subject to pay in church and commonwealth as the inhabitants of that Colony. This connection with Massachusetts continued until 1679, when New Hampshire was formed

into a separate Province to be governed by a President and a Council appointed by the King.

On the 28th of May, 1653, this plantation, "which was accidentally called Strawberry Bank, by reason of a bank where strawberries were found," was allowed by the General Court at Boston, on the petition of Brian Pendleton and others, to be called Portsmouth, "as being a name most suitable for this place, it being the river's mouth, and good as any in the land." It was also the name of the English city in which John Mason was born. The number of families then was between fifty and sixty. "The line of the township was ordered to reach from the sea by Hampton line to Wynnacot river." The planters were so industrious and successful, as to be able to send corn to the early sufferers at Plymouth.

Portsmouth continued for many years the place of residence of the royal Governors, and the King's Council. Its political importance, the wealth of many of its inhabitants, the general activity of the town, and the refined tone of its society, gave this town at an early period a permanent place among the principal towns of New England.

While the neighboring country suffered severely from the ravages of the Indians, Portsmouth almost wholly escaped, it being secured on three sides by water, and being accessible only by a narrow isthmus, across which a stockade was thrown. This town sympathized cordially with the patriotic spirit of the Revolution.

The United States Navy Yard, is situated in the harbor of Portsmouth, on an island called Continental or Badger's Island, on the East side of the river. Here is every convenience for the construction and repair of vessels of the largest class, among which are a dry dock of costly construction, and three immense ship houses, the largest of which is

240 feet long and 131 feet wide, having the roof covered with 130 tons of slate. Near this island are about a dozen others of various sizes adding much to the beauty of the water scenery, as viewed from prominent points. Four Forts, known as Constitution, M'Clary, Sullivan and Washington, protect the harbor from the encroachments of an enemy.

This place has always been noted for its enterprise and commercial spirit, and is the immediate centre of a considerable trade. Its commerce is smaller now than in former years. A very large number of vessels are owned at this port, which are constantly employed in the freighting and fishing business. The consequence of this is that much of the capital is employed abroad; and there is but little show of business in the streets compared with the amount of commerce, in the profits of which it is interested.

In relation to ship-building, this city is entitled to the highest praise. The first ship of war ever built on this side of the Atlantic; the first line of battle ship which was built by our government, and the Congress, the largest and best frigate now in the navy, were built here. Nineteen of our national vessels have been built here. It is distinguished, too, for the number, speed, beauty and size of the merchant vessels, which have been constructed in this place. Between the year 1800 and 1850, no less than 486 vessels have been built in this harbor; and 218 of them were ships. Their tonnage amounted to 126,000 tons.

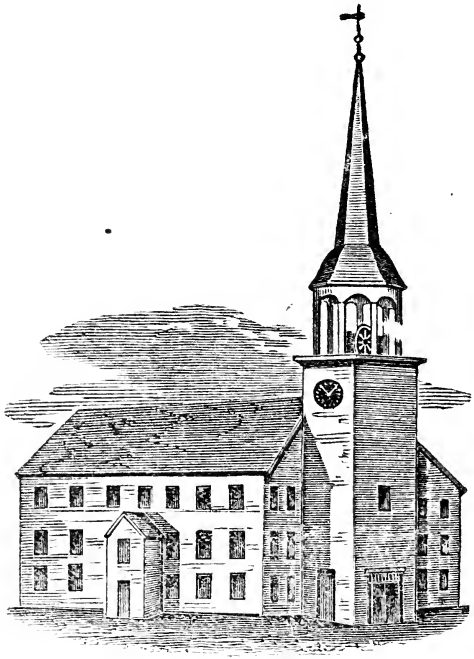
Manufacturing is extensively carried on in this city. Among the most important corporations is the Portsmouth Steam Factory, giving employment to about 400 hands, who produce 3,000,000 yards of the finest quality of lawns annually; and the Sagamore Manufacturing Company. The leading articles of manufacture are cordage, spool cotton,

hosiery, iron castings, shoes, &c. Portsmouth has a large amount of capital invested in railroads, manufacturing, &c., in other places; and though it has suffered in former years, by disastrous fires, and been compelled to relinquish to other cities, some of its former extensive trade, still it has steadily increased in wealth and population. In 1850 it was incorporated as a city, with a population of nearly 10,000 which has increased since that period to rising 11,000.

Portsmouth has been distinguished for men of patriotism. Here lived William Vaughan, who claimed to be the projector of the siege to Louisburg under Pepperell; Dr. Cutter, who was a surgeon in that expedition; Col. Meserve, who was one of its mightiest spirits; Maj. Hale, who was an officer in one of the regiments; and the Rev. Samuel Langdon, who was then a chaplain of the New Hampshire forces. Gen. Whipple, who resided here for the largest portion of his life, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Gov. Langdon was always a devoted friend to his country, went to Bennington, as a volunteer in the army after the capture of Cornwallis, and was at Rhode Island with a detachment, while the British troops were there stationed; he, with Gen. Sullivan, seized, at the fort in the mouth of the harbor, one hundred barrels of gunpowder, and so promptly conveyed them to Bunker Hill, that they did service on the memorable seventeeth of June. He had the honor of presiding in the Senate when Gen. Washington was elected President of the United States, and had the supreme honor of announcing that election to Congress. He, with John Pickering and Pierce Long, was a delegate to the convention for the adoption of the federal constitution, and most thoroughly supported it. He long commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war, and was a member of the old Congress. We might mention many others, who have contended

valiantly for our country. In literature, in law, in the church the most eminent names are exhibited.

The literary advantages of Portsmouth are highly respectable, and the history of the churches is one of progress and

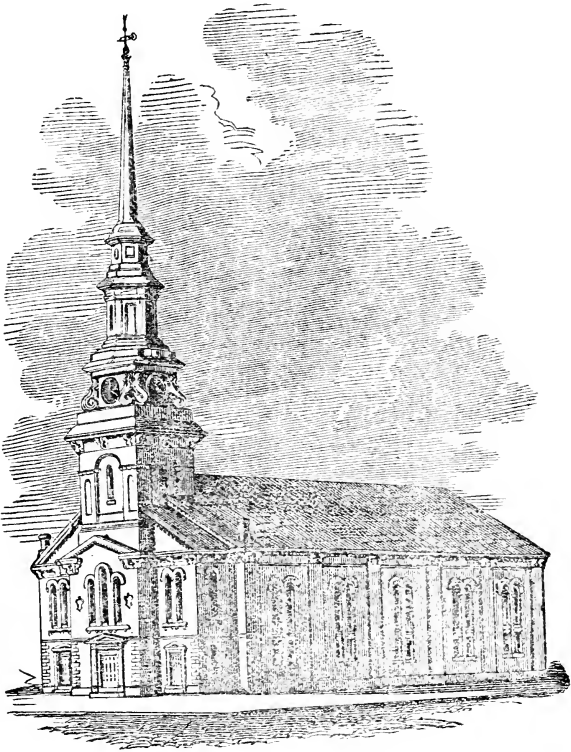


OLD NORTH CHURCH.

importance. The oldest newspaper in the country is published here. From the earliest periods, in education, in the means of intellectual advancement, and in religious influen-

ces, no town in the country has shown a more commendable zeal.

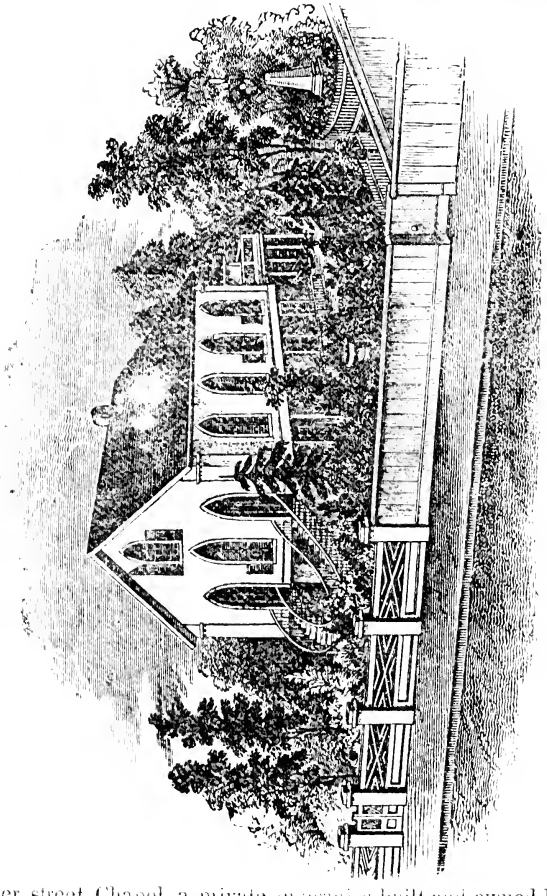
On another page we gave a view of the old North Church,



NEW NORTH CHURCH.

erected in 1712 and torn down in 1854, to give room for the new edifice built in 1855, one of the finest specimens of

church architecture in the State. We also exhibit the Han-



HANOVER STREET CHAPEL.

over street Chapel, a private enterprise built and owned by John M. Lord, for his own Sabbath School.

Among the Hotels in Portsmouth, the CITY HOTEL, kept by William S. Hadley, and the FRANKLIN HOUSE, kept by Willis Barnaby, will be found by travellers to possess all the pleasant features of a "New England Home." The proprietors are of that class who take pleasure in surrounding guests with comfort, and of making everything agreeable.

Take Portsmouth all in all — its healthy and beautiful situation, its fine harbor, its proximity to the pebbly beaches and the delightful surrounding country, the cleanliness of its streets, the beauty of its houses, its ornamental trees and gardens that adorn it in every direction, the wealth of its inhabitants, its charitable and enlightening associations, its various means of intelligence, and as a necessary result, the many illustrious names among its sons, it stands among the first in our favored New England.

The annals of Portsmouth, especially of its earlier period, like all other colonial settlements in those rude and semi-barbarous days, present many quaint phases of human nature and society, in which sterling common sense alternated with the grossest folly, a characteristic love of freedom with the most heartless oppression, and clear and enlightened views with the most grovelling superstitions. That abominable delusion, witchcraft, appeared here in 1648, when Margaret Jones was accused with being a witch, of such malignancy, that if she touched a person, it produced the most violent convulsions and other disorders. Upon such testimony she was convicted and executed. She was the first victim of the delusion, and thus was inaugurated that reign of terror, whose blackness all the present and future glory of New England will never efface. After her death her husband, finding no rest for the sole of his foot, in consequence of his relation to her, took passage for Barbadoes, on board a ship lying in the harbor. Immediately after he came on

board, the ship began to roll so that they feared it would overset, and Jones who was accused of being the Jonah, was arrested and conveyed to jail, after which the rolling ceased.

As a specimen of the "rules of evidence" under the ancient judiciary of New England we give the following:— One Goodwife Walford was convicted of witchcraft in 1656, on the annexed testimony — Agnes Puddington deposes that "on the 11th of April, the wife of W. Evans came to her house, and lay there all night; and a little after sunset the deponent saw a yellowish cat, which to her appeared to be Goodwife Walford; and Mrs. E. said she was followed by a cat wherever she went. John then came and saw a cat in the garden — took down his gun to shoot her; the cat got up on a tree, and the gun would not take fire, and afterwards the cock would not stand. She afterwards saw three cats, — the yellow one vanished away on the plain ground; she could not tell which way they went."

The following enactments will show that the good people of Portsmouth were alive to the interests of religion: — Sept. 25th, 1662. At a town meeting, "ordered that a cage be made, or some other means invented by the selectmen, to punish such as sleep, or take tobacco on the Lord's day out of the meeting, in the time of the public exercise."

ISLES OF SHOALS,

Seem to be a part of Portsmouth, because they are made easy of approach from this more than any other point. They number eight in number and are clustered in the ocean about nine miles from the Portsmouth light houses. The largest is Hog island, containing three hundred and fifty acres; Star island, 150; Haley's, 100; and the largest of the others about eight, and the smallest one acre. These islands were discovered by John Smith, in 1614, and were named by him "Smith's Isles." They are a bed of rocks

raising their disjointed heads above the ocean, and for the most part covered with a thin soil. Their appearance is inhospitable, and but for their advantageous situation for carrying on the fisheries, would probably never have been inhabited. Upon all the islands are chasms in the rocks, having the appearance of being caused by earthquakes. The most remarkable is on Star island and Gosport, where one Betty Moody secreted herself when the Indians visited the island and took away many female captives. For more than a century previous to the Revolution these islands were populous, containing from three hundred to six hundred souls. They had a court house on Hog island; a meeting house first on Hog island and then on Star island. The trade was once considerable, and a foreign clearance was made here once a year. Seven or eight schooners were also employed. William Pepperel, an ancestor of the celebrated Sir Wm. Pepperel, and a Mr. Gibbons, from Topsham, Eng., were among the first settlers at the Shoals. Pepperel was so poor for some time after his arrival, that the lady to whom he paid his addresses would not listen to him, till by constant attention to business as a fisherman, he acquired enough to enable him to send a vessel to England, when the fair damsel yielded to the united influence of love and lucre. He subsequently became a wealthy merchant and the founder of a noble family. We do not know what the coat of arms of the Pepperel family may be — but they might with propriety be "three dolphins or codfish on a field azure." John Cutt, brother of the first President, was one of the wealthy residents.

The history of the islands is one of interest, and so important were they considered at one time, that we find a session of the General Court convened here. Space will not allow us to speak more at detail.

The two largest are now known as celebrated watering places, and are much resorted to in the summer season, by invalids and others. The genuine sea breeze and pure atmosphere are regarded as highly beneficial to health, and the excellent sea baths and cooling breezes are great additions to comfort. Boats may be found running to and from, almost every day during the summer season, and the excellent hotels are every way adequate to the patronage.

Leaving the station in Portsmouth, the train passes, at a moderate rate of speed, over the Portsmouth Bridge, which spans Piscataqua river, and connects the States of New Hampshire and Maine. This is a toll bridge which was built in 1822, uniting Kittery and Portsmouth more closely than ever before. For the purpose of railway travel, the bridge has been widened, strengthened and improved, till it has become a structure of great strength and solidity. It is in fact composed of two separate bridges; the first from Portsmouth to Noble's Island, 480 feet long, and the second from the Island to Kittery, 1750 feet long. As we pass from Portsmouth, over this bridge, we have the carriage travel on our left hand, and in this direction northerly, we enjoy the beautiful prospect of Elliot Neck, apparently midway the river, with the opposite shores all dotted with houses, intermingled with trees and fields. On the right, as we move on, we have views of the harbor, Badger's Island and the Navy Yard. Just over the bridge we halt at the station in

KITTERY,

57 miles from Boston, 50 miles from Portland.

The Northeasterly curve of the road from the river, leaves the most of Kittery to the East and South of us, and out of sight from the road. Nevertheless, there are some objects

of interest in the place to which the traveller who halts here or in Portsmouth may turn his attention.

Kittery is the oldest town in Maine, having been incorporated in 1647, and from the excellence of the harbor, with rare facilities for fishing, it early became a place of some consequence. At Kittery Point, about four miles from the station, lived and died William Pepperel, Esq., a great landholder, fisherman and merchant. He came hither from the Isles of Shoals, and was one of the founders of the First Congregational Church in 1714, and died in 1733. His elegant and costly monument, in admirable preservation, is an object of curiosity to all visitors A portion of his mansion still stands near Pepperel's cove. Here also dwelt his son, Sir William Pepperel, Baronet, Lieut. General of His Majesty's Forces, &c., who was commander of the land troops at the capture of Louisburg, in 1745, and was knighted for his success. He lived here in great style and wealth for some years afterwards, and died in 1759. His remains rest in the same tomb with his father's.

He died, after a sickness of long continuance, on the 6th of July, 1759. Contemplating his life from his boyhood —the uneducated son of a fisherman—a merchant acquiring a princely fortune—a Major General of the English Colonial force—or a Baronet—we uniformly find him to be honest, humane, generous, persevering, and far-sighted in an eminent degree. The act of 1778, passed by Congress, confiscated all the vast possessions he left to his heirs, but the hero's name will endure, nevertheless, forever. The mansion of Lady Pepperel and her daughter, with the old church where they worshipped, built in 1731, are all standing. So is also the original parsonage house, built in 1729, wherein is the study of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, who was parish minister there from 1751 to 1791.

The natural scenery at the Point, and in many other parts of Kittery, is sublime and beautiful, intermingling ocean, harbor, rock and river, island and continent, beach and mountain. So also art has completed what nature began. Kittery is a most irregular and broken piece of ground. Bordering on the ocean and harbor, it is indented by numerous creeks and inlets, and cut almost in twain by Spruce Creek. Within its limits are the Navy Yard, Badger's, Cutts', Gerrish's and Trefethen's Islands. Nearly all these are connected with the main land by bridges. On Battery Hill stands Fort McClary, with its octagon Block House. From this point may be seen New Castle, Portsmouth, the Isles of Shoals, Whale's Back, &c., offering a great variety of views mingling nature and art.

Kittery, in 1850, contained 2706 inhabitants, who are chiefly employed as ship-carpenters, fishermen and mariners. At one time it was a great commercial mart, and a famous ship-building place. But the times have marvelously changed. Then at every launching it was the custom to roll in a barrel of rum for the men, and a barrel of wine for the gentler sex. Also, at funerals it was often the practice to send for "five gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar, and half a pound of allspice, to make spiced rum" for the mourners! And even stranger than this, at an ordination, we have seen an original bill for liquors furnished, like the following:—"Eight quarts of rum and two quarts of brandy, for the Clergy and Council!"

The land is very rocky, but the soil is good; and where well cultivated, quite productive. There are several good farms, and one superior nursery and flower garden here. There are five churches, in all of which public worship is regularly sustained.

From this brief view it may be seen that those observers

who delight in varied landscape, grand, picturesque and beautiful, would do well to pause here and look about, while those who are fond of the "buried past," may look on the tokens and remnants of the former great; and those who court retirement or seek health, may surely find the former, and probably the latter.

Kittery is the first town in the state of Maine on the seaboard. The discovery of the coast was as early as that of any other part of North America. Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian, sailed along the coast, under the authority of Henry VII, in 1496, only four years after the discovery of the West India Islands by Columbus. For the next hundred years there were no permanent settlers among the adventurers who sailed along the coast and navigated the rivers. In 1604 Monsieur De Motte, governor of Canada, received a grant of lands in Maine, but being interrupted by the English, went only to the Kennebec. The territory was then called "New France" or "Arcadia." In 1639 Gorges obtained from Charles I, a grant of all the land from the Piscataqua river to the Kennebec, and one hundred and twenty miles back. In 1653 the whole Province was assumed by Massachusetts, and from that period to 1820, its history is blended with that of the north colony. In 1820 the new state of Maine was formed. The early settlers of Maine, unlike those colonists of Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut, had no lofty motives to impel them to energetic action, and sustain them under hardships and suffering. Their object was merely gain, and their efforts were without concert or energy. After the lapse of a century and a half, when the other colonies had become comparatively great and powerful, the settlements of Maine had hardly advanced beyond the sea coast. The red man was still master of the noblest rivers, and the whole number of white inhabitants was not

supposed to number ten thousand. The settlers, actuated only by sordid motives, and possessing none of the virtues requisite for founding a great state, were unable to overawe the suspicious savage, or even to control the rashness of the whites, and conflicting claims and jealousies among themselves with the depredations from the Indians, makes their early history one of peculiar hardship and misfortune. Why they perseveringly continued under difficulties so great, is almost beyond our comprehension. Under Massachusetts government, the prosperity was more marked, and we now find a large, powerful and intelligent state.

After passing this station, we pass on through a ledge, over a level country for a mile or two. A short distance further on a fine prospect opens to our vision, of woodland and pasture, orchard and field, with here and there a farm house with its neat surroundings, hemmed in by distant woods. Five miles bring us to

ELLIOT,

62 miles from Boston, 45 miles from Portland,

One of the best farming towns in the State of Maine. The settled portion of the town lays at the West of the station, on a point formed by Orampheagen River and Spinney's Creek, some distance off. This locality seems to be an exception to the selections of the early settlers, for around here the inhabitants appear to have appreciated the most romantic spots. Says an eminent writer, in reading the journals and narratives of New England, nothing is more remarkable than the entire silence observed in respect to the natural beauty or grandeur of the scenery around which the lot of the pioneers was cast. They designated the grand and glorious forest, broken by lakes and crossed by rivers, intersected by a thou-

sand streams more beautiful than those which the old world has given to song and romance, as a "desert and frightful wilderness." Many of these were well educated—men of varied and profound erudition, and familiar with the best specimens of Greek and Roman literature; yet they seem to have been utterly devoid of that poetic feeling or fancy, whose subtle alchemy detects the beautiful in the familiar.

The first settlements were commenced here in 1632. It was then a part of Piscataqua, which embraced all the territory in Kittery, Elliot, Berwick and South Berwick. In 1652, when it was subject to Massachusetts, it was all called Kittery, which name it retained until 1713, when a division was made between Kittery and Elliot. The next year a church was organized, and a regular minister settled. The territory was granted by Walter Neal, agent for Gorges and Mason, in 1632. The seat of the church was "Sturgeon Creek," where the main settlement was made.

The entire territory is sparsely inhabited, and but a small portion of the land is waste. The soil is remarkably rich, and is generally undulating. The inhabitants, numbering about 1800, are chiefly farmers, though other pursuits are engaged in.

There are several saw and grist-mills in Elliot. On Sturgeon Creek,—a creek running into the Piscataqua river, and into which flows a large brook, called Great Brook, which courses through the town from a spring in the edge of Kittery,—at the main (Fore) road from Portsmouth to South Berwick, there are two mills—a saw-mill and a grist-mill. These mills are what is generally termed *tide-mills*, and can be run but a portion of the time. On a stream which flows from York Pond, (a pond situated on the northeastern part of Elliot, and in the edge of York) to York River, there are four mills, three saw-mills and a grist-mill.

There are four meeting houses in this place. Two of them are situated near the centre of the town from north to south; the Orthodox house in the western part of the town, on the "Fore Road," as it is called, and the Methodist house in the eastern part of the town, on the "Back Road." These Fore and Back roads are main roads from Portsmouth to South Berwick and pass through Elliot nearly parallel to each other, about two miles apart. The other two houses—the one belonging to the Methodists, the other to the Baptists, are situated on the Elliot Neck, and have been built but a few years. There are eight school houses and districts in Elliot; also an Academy.

There has been a marked progress in the prosperity of the town within the past few years. The inhabitants seem to have taken a fresh start, and the whole village indicates a renewed energy. There are several fine hills and two beautiful ponds located within its limits.

From this station for a short distance, we pass several well cultivated fields, and then glide on through woods and pastures. Along this part of the road we catch our first view of "Agamenticus," in the town of York, a mountain of considerable eminence, and a noted landmark for mariners. The summit of this mountain has been made a station for the Coast Survey, under the direction of Prof. Bache. It rises about 600 feet above the sea, and a long reach of coast indented with bays and studded with islands, may be seen from its peak, as well as the greater portion of the county of York and the lower section of New Hampshire. The next station is

BROCK'S CROSSING,

67 miles from Boston, 40 from Portland,

This is the junction of the Great Falls Branch Road. The

locality is in the town of South Berwick, and the station was erected here to accommodate passengers over the Branch road. We may not stop here, as many of these smaller stations are run by without notice, there being very little travel by rail to or from these agricultural towns. The next station is one of great importance, where we shall find enough to amuse us during the delay in making up the trains, as the cars from this and the Boston and Maine road here unite, and proceed to Portland as one train. It is pleasant to take a stand upon the line of road, and watch the approach of one of these huge trains, and as it glides by,

"First, the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on amain
The mass comes thundering, like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone, like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed benights
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute and a mile!
Then look again,—how swift it journeys on;
Away, away, along the horizon,
Like drifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance, melting into space!"

SOUTH BERWICK JUNCTION,

69 miles from Boston, 38 from Portland,

Is the terminus of the Boston and Maine road. Passengers leave here for South Berwick, Salmon Falls, Somersworth, Great Falls, Dover, and in fact, all the interior towns.

The town of South Berwick is a very thriving place, numbering about 2500 inhabitants. It is situated in a Southwesterly direction, about two miles from the junction, on the Salmon Falls river. There is a cotton mill here, a plaster mill, and several other manufacturing establishments. It

contains an academy, a high school, and a number of churches. From this point the river is navigable for rafts and small boats to the Piscataqua, and from thence to Portsmouth. A large quantity of wood and lumber finds a market in this way. The business of the town is considerable, and it may justly be called a thriving and growing township.

Formerly a part of Berwick, it obtained a separate act of incorporation, and took the name of South Berwick in 1814. The parent town was incorporated by an act of Court in 1713, the settlement then embacing the territory known as "Berwick landing," and called by the Indians "Quampeagan." Its increase was very rapid, and when the church was established here, as a characteristic name, it was known as "the parish of unity."

The land around here is good. In the vicinity of the station house, quite a prospect is enjoyed. Opposite, the "Great Works" river wends its way over a pebbly bottom, in gentle, rippling cascades, under the bridge. Near by the forest trees approach its banks with a thick, rich foliage, while on our left a cluster of houses, nestling here by the depot, make the scene complete. After considerable "backing and filling," we are once more on our journey. Four miles of forest, with an occasional field or pasture, and we halt at

NORTH BERWICK,

73 miles from Boston, 34 from Portland.

Stages leave here for the interior towns. We must stop awhile here, for a finer locality it will be difficult to find, and we are allowed five minutes for refreshments. This cluster of stores and houses on the left, were built here in consequence of the location of the road at this point. Either of these roads on the left will lead us to the main village, about

a quarter of a mile distant, where shall find a thriving place, embracing all the elements of an active community, and containing in a good measure, the means of prosperity and permanent success. Here, upon this same "Great Works" river, which has its rise in this town, from the "Bonny Bigg Pond," is the North Berwick Company's Factory, for the manufacture of Machine Blankets and Lapping, Roller Jackets and Filtering Cloths, employing about forty hands, male and female, and producing about $100.000 worth of goods per year. We likewise find here a key to a mystery that we have no desire to unlock. A steam mill for the manufacture of *tea chests!* This mill saws, planes and cuts up about half a million of lumber per year, for tea chests, for the Boston, Philadelphia and New York markets. We were told that these chests vary in capacity from five lbs. upwards, and are used for the repacking of tea for the Western market; but report says that as tea comes to this country in different chops, and varies materially in price, it is profitable to break the original chests and repack in the Yankee style, sometimes perhaps mixing a little. The boxes are put together, papered and leaded in the large cities. The lumber used is white pine, while that used in the original chests is hard wood, and made up of narrow strips. If we have divulged a secret detrimental to tea speculators, we beg their pardon. There are also several saw mills in this town, one of which turns out about 400.000 of boards per year. One of the mills is close here at the depot. This is one of the largest wood stations on the route. The inhabitants, numbering about 1600, are engaged principally in farming and making shoes for Lynn manufacturers, and are generally prosperous.

The easterly part of Berwick was incorporated as a distinct town, and called North Berwick, in 1831. Its territory is nearly seven miles in length and two and a half in width.

The celebrated "Bonny Bigg Hill," the noted landmark for navigators, and said to have been the first land seen on the coast, is situated in the Northwestern portion of the town. Its rugged scenery and huge projecting cliffs make it an object of curiosity to visitors. From its summit may be obtained the most extensive view of the surrounding country.

This village is somewhat noted for its fine farms, and for its excellent fruit. It has considerable trade from the country towns around, has good educational resources, and maintains some four or five distinct churches. Since the building of the railroad the population has increased, and the business incident to the road has advanced the wealth of its citizens. The principal thing which attracts our attention from a scenery varying but little from that observed all the way from the Piscataqua, as we roll along, is the vast quantity of wood piled up near the track, ready for transportation. Once more we stop. This is

WELLS,

79 miles from Boston, 28 miles from Portland.

Here our vision is almost entirely obstructed by the banks on either side. However, there is nothing upon the embankments, near the depot, worth clambering the steps for. A few buildings, with forest surroundings, are all we can see. The town is four miles from this point, near the sea coast. There are about 3000 inhabitants in the whole town, mostly engaged in farming and in the fisheries. A few saw-mills are scattered along through the place, upon the Merriland and Mill rivers, two little streams furnishing sufficient power. There is but little manufacturing worthy of note here. The soil is rather sandy, and extensive meadows lay along parts of the coast.

The first permanent settlements were made in 1643. The town was called by the aborigines "*Webhannet,*" from the river of that name, which runs through the marsh and forms a harbor. The Rev. John Wheelwright, brother to the celebrated Ann Hutchinson, who was banished from Boston for Antinomianism, was among the first inhabitants. The grant for a survey of the territory, which included the town of Kennebunk, was given him by Thomas Gorges, in 1643. He was a classmate of Oliver Cromwell. In 1664 the first court of the Province of Maine was held in Wells. In 1692 the settlement was broken up by the savages. In 1750 the settlers had returned and the population advanced to 1000 inhabitants.

Wells Beach is a noted resort during the summer season. The harbor formed by the principal river is greatly obstructed by sand bars. In the south part another river called Ogunquit, forms a small harbor for vessels of light description. There is one remarkable feature respecting this river. Within the memory of men now living, the outlet to the sea shifted nearly a mile. It formerly ran where it now does, but in a violent storm, it became obstructed, and broke through the beach nearly a mile to the eastward. The river thus found a vent, and the former channel was filled up. The beach however gradually wore away, and in the course of time regained its former position, leaving an island. There are other rivers and brooks running through the town in various directions.

But jingle goes the bell, and we skim along, lost perhaps in contemplation. This rail car is a microcosm. It is an entire world of itself—shooting along by an unseen power, which a boy learned to bridle and use from seeing the top of a tea kettle lift by the pulsation of hot water, or else we had never had it;—on such trifles hang the weightiest discover-

ies. The car is a school where every thing can be learned, and where all subjects—political and religious, relating to the material and spiritual, are discussed with looseness; and there is none to order, none to establish rules, and none to interfere, till the train stops. Blessings on the man who invented sleep, said one—a thousand blessings on the memory of him who set rail cars travelling, though like most of the benefactors of the human race he lived and died poor. We don't see why a monument has not been erected to his honor; though possibly somebody would stick in, that railroads had destroyed many lives; but there is this in their favor on that point, that they teach us to look upon a smash-up, as intended for any body else rather than ourselves, and thus we have seen a whole car full sit quietly and read an account of a terrible accident that sent half a hundred poor souls into eternity, without once reflecting that they were liable to the same fate, the next moment. Why should one torment himself before his time? If the purest water we drink was examined through a microscope, half of us would die of thirst before we could swallow the animalculæ that are swimming there.

Who has not rode in the cars? Everybody that is anybody. We look upon the travellers around us and what a variety of people; all ages are here, from the child at the breat to the grandfather stricken in years; all classes are here, the scholar and the unlettered, the rich and the poor, the black and the white, all subject to the same law of social democracy. On one side is the family group that are as much at home as they would be in the parlor, and on the other the lone person who may never have had a home to go to. Here a bridal party, full of glee and hope and love; and following them are mourners going to attend a funeral. Some one sits opposite silent, immersed in his own ideas, or having none

requiring utterance; and by his side is another running over with speech concerning himself or others—of what is said, done or seen. But our meditations are interrupted, and we find here in the woods the station house at

KENNEBUNK.

48 miles from Boston, 23 from Portland.

There is no settlement at the depot, and the villages are at considerable distance. As the station at KENNEBUNKPORT has been discontinued, we shall include the two towns, whose interests are identical, in our brief sketch. The Mousam river, which furnishes a great amount of water power, runs directly through Kennebunk, while the Kennebunk river, in a Northwesterly course from the sea, dividing the two towns, has quite a number of unoccuped mill privileges.

On this river, at Kennebunk village, there was formerly quite a large *cotton mill* in operation. This mill was burned some years ago, and has not been re-built. Part of the buildings of that company, with their mill-dam, &c., still remain. This mill was located just by the main street passing through the village east and west.

About two miles above the railroad, is a fall called "Great Fall." This fall of water is entirely unoccupied. It is said that many years ago there was a saw-mill here, but now no traces of it are to be seen. Marks of a cellar, (where the miller's house probably stood) still are visible. The fall at this place is a broken and irregular one, being over a rocky bed. The river in the distance of ten or fifteen rods, falls forty or fifty feet. This fall of water can be heard for quite a distance when the river is high, as the water tumbles down over the rocks, and somewhat resembles in appearance the Great Falls on the Saco. It will well

repay the lover of natural scenery for a visit. The view around, above, and below the falls, is wild and romantic. The land by the river is mostly covered with a growth of trees with the exception of the point spoken of. For the space of nearly a mile above the falls the eastern bank of the river is from fifty to one hundred feet high and very steep and the other bank is very low—but a few feet above the water. On these two rivers there are several saw-mills. Both of the towns are pleasant localities, and contain evidences of public spirit. There is much taste displayed in the villages in the erection of houses, and in laying out gardens. The population is industrious and thrifty. Ship-building is an important business of the towns. The main village, like those of other towns in the vicinity is near the sea coast. There are no particular spots of interest around in the vicinity off the course of the river. The population of Kennebunk is 2,700 and that of Kennebunkport about the same.

The towns were settled as early as any of their neighbors, and what is now Kennebunkport was known as Arundel. A very few fragments of the town records between 1678 and 1719 have escaped the general wreck, and until after the Indian war of 1719, but little information can be had. The name was taken in 1821, on petition to the Maine Legislature.

In the centre of the village of Kennebunk, are six elm trees, very large, thrifty and fine looking, which were set out on the day of the battle of Lexington. The soil occupied by those six trees is just suited to them, and they have attained a great size, and are shaped much alike; handsome trees of themselves, but from the associations connected with them, rendered doubly interesting. They yet look young and healthy, and will, doubtless, live to shade the pathway of many a person for generations yet to come.

From the Kennebunk station we ride on through a country

alternating with forest, field and pasture, here and there catching a glimpse of the high hills of New Hampshire and Maine, and at intervals rushing by a landscape of more than common attraction. Eight miles and we stop at

BIDDEFORD,

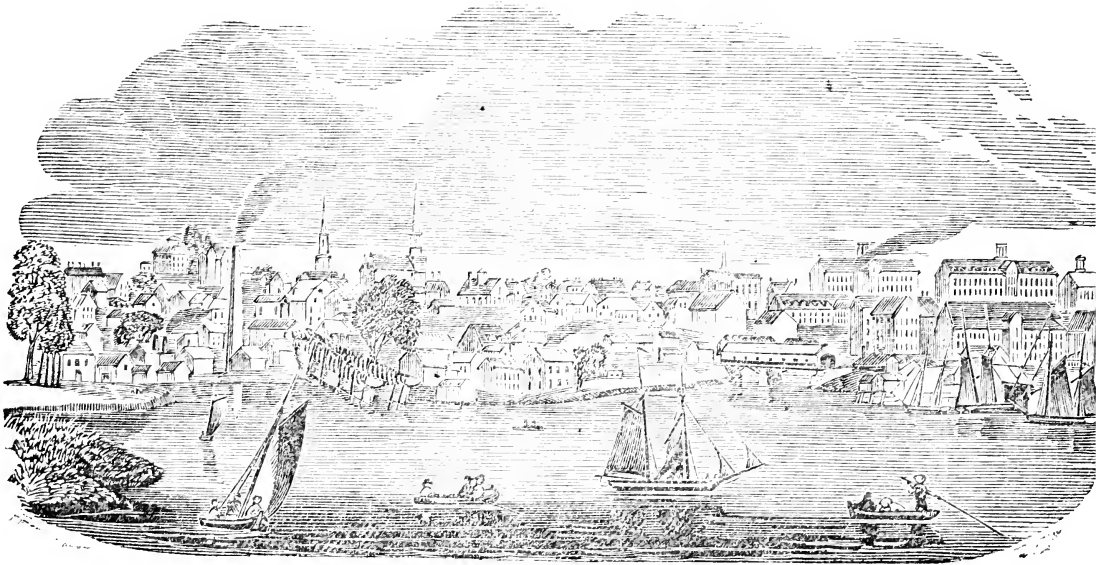
92 miles from Boston, 15 from Portland,

A town that has sprung up with amazing rapidity, which fifteen years ago, where the business portion is now located, was cultivated field and pasture, upon which were few farm-houses. It is now a city, incorporated in 1854, and has a population of nearly 9000. Six large cotton factories, five saw-mills, 2 grist-mills, 4 machine shops, with the business connected with each, furnish employment to a large number of operatives, and create a busy and energetic population outside their immediate limits.

The city lays upon a slope on the easterly bank of the Saco river, and extends back to what is called Biddeford Heights, upon the summit of which is a large reservoir, filled with water forced up from the river. From this point can be had a fine view of the city to the river, with its thickly settled streets, elegant buildings and tasteful gardens; here, too, stretches out the whole extent of the city's territory, and in the distance the White Hills of New Hampshire, Agamenticus, and the villages clustering upon the hills and in the valleys, form a panorama of extended beauty.

The educational advantages of the city are excellent. The churches are numerous and liberally sustained. Libraries, institutions for intellectual advancement, and all the means of improvement, are here found in goodly numbers.

Though this portion of territory was first settled, the towns of Biddeford and Saco are so situated on both sides of the



VIEW OF BIDDEFORD AND SACO, WITH FACTORY ISLAND.

river, connected by bridges and united by business relations, that we may be justified in considering them as one place, and so pass on over the bridge which spans the Saco river, from which we have a comprehensive view of the two towns, to the station in

SACO,

94 miles from Boston, 13 miles from Portland.

A town of nearly the same magnitude, and made up of the same elements with Biddeford. The Saco river terminates its fantastic course at this point by falls within a short distance of 42 feet, and mingling with tide water. Several islands are formed in the middle of the river, the largest of which—Factory Island—belongs on the Saco side, and contains the five cotton factories of the Saco Manufacturing Company, the boarding houses, shops, &c., and is so connected by bridges and roads, that one could hardly tell that it was not a part of the main land, though upon each side are extensive water powers. Indeed, a glance at the map of the two towns, or a view, shows them so closely allied that it seems hardly just to call them by two names. The power created by the falls is very extensive, and the towns enjoy the rare advantage of possessing great hydraulic power, united with facilities for navigation close at hand. The advantages of these places for profitably carrying on manufacturing operations, are considered equal to any other place in New England. On the Biddeford side, the point makes out much farther than on the Saco side, and fine beaches run from each point.

Saco, like Biddeford, has grown rapidly,—the first mill was erected in 1826, and burned in 1830. Fifteen years since it was a small village, and now in addition to its numerous manufacturing interests contains all the characteristics of a city.

The settlements of all the ancient towns in this part of the State was first made on the sea shore, and until 1750, all the travel from Portsmouth eastward was either on the beach or near it. A small settlement was made at Cape Porpoise as early as 1632 and another at Winter Harbor about the same time. The two settlements were but a few miles from each other. In a few years from the first settlement the inhabitants had planted themselves on the sea shore, for several miles. The advantages for fishing in Saco river and in the adjacent waters drew hither a considerable number of persons before any regular grant of the soil was made. It was called Saco on both sides of the river until 1718. Among the first settlers were Richard Benython, Richard Vines, Thomas Lewis, William Phillips, and John Oldham. The first records of the town of Saco, including both Saco and Biddeford, commences with the year 1663, ten years after the people had submitted to the government of Massachusetts. At the time Massachusetts assumed the jurisdiction of Maine but 16 men applied and took the oath of allegiance as inhabitants of Saco. In 1671 a house of worship was erected, which being furnished with benches, the people were seated in order, according to their *rank* by the Selectmen.

The Indians were generally peaceable until 1695, the year of general warfare in New England; their confidence in the English being then impaired, it was impossible to restore it. One of the rash acts on the part of the English nearly concerned these inhabitants, and was the first rupture of the long peace between them and the Saco tribe. At this time Squando was Sagamore of Saco. He was a chief of great influence with the other tribes, and had long resisted the entreaties of Phillip, who considered it necessary to his success to engage him against the English. Cotton Mather speaks of him as a strange enthusiastical Saga-

more, who some years before pretended that God appeared to him in the form of a tall man, in black clothes, declaring to him that he was God, and commanded him to leave off drinking strong liquors, and to pray, and to keep the Sabbath, and to go and hear the word preached,—all of which the Indian did, for some time with great seeming conscience, observe. Just at this crisis some reckless English seaman overset a canoe in which Squando's wife and pappoose were crossing the Saco. The child sank in the water, and was only saved from drowning by the efforts of its mother. Soon after the child died, and Squando, attributing the death to the upsetting of the canoe, immediately declared himself the enemy of the English, and entered into an alliance with other tribes, and commenced a warfare upon the settlers. For about forty years after this no records of the town can be found. Such were the troubles of the country at this time that it is doubtful whether any records were kept. It is quite probable that this town was abandoned by the whites. In 1703 a band of 500 French and Indians made a sudden descent on all the settlements from Saco to Wells, and in Saco eleven persons were killed and twenty-four wounded. In 1717 the inhabitants returned, and order was again observed.

Around here are various monuments, reminding us of the unfortunate race that once inhabited this spot. A history of these primeval inhabitants of our soil, informing us how they lived, loved and died; describing their feats in war and their sports in peace; giving us the lives of the bronze beauties, whose varied charms brought rival lovers to their feet, and kindled the fire of jealousy in the keen eye of many a young warrior;—or, telling us, on the other hand, of the gray fathers, who were looked up to as next to the great Spirit in wisdom and in all that calls for veneration,—such a

history would be worth a thousand volumes of the men of our own blood, who inhabited the patrimony of the red man. But it is too late to recover it: they have passed away forever, and it is only when the husbandman's ploughshare turns up, occasionally, the blackened bones of an athletic frame, or when some hoary-headed patriarch narrates by the winter fireside some almost forgotten tradition of the early settlers, that the men of these times remember that we live upon a soil which is not our own.

In 1719, the settlements on both sides of the river were united and called Biddeford. The business of the villages was principally sawing lumber, and several saw-mills were erected. In June 1762, all the lands on the east side of the river together with the large island, was incorporated by the name of Pepperellborough, in honor of William Pepperell, who improved the Falls. In 1805 the name of Saco was resumed. The affairs of the two towns present nothing of uncommon interest. During the Revolution the inhabitants exhibited their patriotism in sustaining the cause of the colonists, and at its close rapid progress in prosperity was made. For many years the towns took the lead in the lumbering business of the State. In 1800, there were seventeen saw-mills in operation, running out about 50,000 feet per day. In 1827, the amount of lumber sawed was 21,000,000. The first attempt to introduce other manufactures was made in 1811. Iron works were then established, which soon gave way to cotton mills. In the progress of time the lumber business has declined and other branches of trade taken their places. The saw-mills have given way to the cotton factory, and the valuable water power, which once set in motion the saw and axe of the lumberman, now drives the spindles and looms of the manufacturer. Of works of a private nature their number precludes a notice;—woolen mills, factories for the

manufacture of oil cloths, iron foundries, machine shops, &c., are in operation, and in addition the saw mills and ship-building interest, united, materially advance the prosperity of the towns.

There are many fine prospects to be obtained in various parts of the towns. From Cemetery Hill, in Saco, a good view of the two places is obtained as they cluster in almost a solid mass upon a small part of the territory. The surrounding country is mostly cut up into fields and pastures, which are well improved. The streets are rather irregular, but generally wide and clean. The buildings are mostly new, and many of them display taste and durability. Those belonging to the corporations are substantial and commodious, regularly arranged and uniform in appearance. The general aspect of the places make a favorable impression upon the visitor. The freshness of everything about here evinces youth, yet the plan indicates a growing people.

There appears no reason why Saco and Biddeford may not continue in growth until they have become great cities. They possess advantages seldom found so strongly inviting improvement, and with the powerful waterfalls of the noble Saco, a stream abounding with unoccupied privileges, and equal to any demand, we hope some day to see these towns among the great manufacturing cities of New England.

Again we start, the distance between us and our destination rapidly diminishing. As we advance we find the forests growing more dense, though apparently made up of a young growth of trees. The hills on our left are more numerous, and the scenery generally presents a wilder aspect. A few minutes bring us to

WEST SCARBOROUGH,

96 miles from Boston, 11 from Portland,

A station erected to accommodate the inhabitants of this part of the town. As there is nothing of particular interest in this vicinity we pass on over extensive marshes, separating "Black Point" from "Blue Point," the two famous localities in early times, washed by the water of the Nonsuch river which runs in a serpentine course to the ocean. Riding five miles in the same town, we come to the main station at

SCARBOROUGH.

101 miles from Boston, 6 from Portland.

This station is called "Oak Hill," the name of the eminence on our left, derived from the fact of its being at one time covered with a forest of oak trees. It is an agricultural town of large extent, and is composed of three villages—"Dunstan's Corner," "Scarborough Corner," and "Blue Point." Several saw-mills are operated in different parts of the town. This spot is rich in history, and was at one time a place of great importance, holding a forward rank among the larger towns of the early province. The energy and enterprise of the citizens were proverbial. As late as 1791, the census showed but slight difference in population between Scarborough and Portland. The returns from the two towns then were, Portland 2240; Scarborough 2235. The excellent advantages of the situation are unchanged, though towns hardly equal to her companionship, have since exceeded her in growth and prosperity.

For many years the lumbering business engaged the whole attention of most of the townsmen. The valley of

the Nonsuch furnished most excellent timber, and the North-western part of the town was a dense forest. Lumber in early times was a current medium here, the minister and schoolmaster were paid in it.

The Indian name was "Owascoag," a place of much grass. Settlements were made early. In 1640 there were several inhabitants. In 1651 the name of Scarborough was taken. In 1671 the population numbered 300. In 1688 it had decreased to 56 male inhabitants. In 1689 the town was broken up by the Indians, and for 30 years was almost entirely abandoned. The records were carried to Boston for safety, and not returned till 1719. The precise date of the second settlement is not known, but in all probability it was in 1702–'3. It was a little band of seven persons from Lynn, who, for several years were the only inhabitants. In 1720, 31 inhabitants had returned. A part of the large town lying by the sea called Beach Point, was granted by the Council of Plymouth, to Thomas Cannock, in 1631. This was soon after settled, and became of considerable importance on the coast in fisheries and trade. The land is still held under the ancient grant. Another settlement was early made by a family of Algers, from England, near the centre of the town, and then called "Dunstan Corner," which name it retains. In 1734 the town was divided into two parts and to save expense the selectmen were empowered to hire a preacher who was to act as school master. From the revolution down through a long period, the town enjoyed an uninterrupted prosperity. The only chief magistrate recognized by authority, was from Scarboro', which was the birth place of Rufus King, and his brother William King, first governor of Maine.

Scottow's Hill is in this town. It is rendered famous as the place where the signal fires of old were lighted, and where

the beacon telegraphed to the surrounding country, the approach of danger.

We find in the history of this town a large quantity of tradition and incident, which, had we room, would be of interest to the reader. In 1636, Richard Faxwell, a very enterprising and active man settled at Blue point in this town. He held several offices of trust, and exerted a great influence on the settlers. There is a story told of him which savors of fairy mythology, and shows that our forefathers brought over with them some of the mysterious characters of the old world. "Faxwell had been to the eastward in a shallop; on his return he was overtaken by the night, and fearing to land on the barbarous shore, put off a little farther to sea. About midnight he and his crew were awakened by a loud voice from the shore, calling "Faxwell! Faxwell! come ashore!"—three times. Upon the sand they saw a great fire, and men and women hand in hand, dancing about it in a ring. After an hour or two they vanished, and as soon as the day appeared, Faxwell put into a small cove, and traced along the shore, where he found the footsteps of men, women and children, shod with shoes, and an infinite number of brand ends thrown up by the water; but neither Indian nor English could he meet with on the shore nor in the woods!"

An anecdote is related of one of the Scarboro' planters which strongly resembles the fireside stories of Old England in Shakspeare's day, when "Queen Mab," and "Puck" were in the full enjoyment of their power:

"There lived at Black Point an old planter, who on a sunshiny day about one of the clock, lying upon a green bank not far from his house, charged his son, a lad 12 years of age, to awaken him when he had slept two hours. The old man falls asleep, and lying upon his back gaped with

his mouth wide enough for a hawk to fly into it; after a while the lad sitting by spied a bumble bee creeping out of his father's mouth, which taking wing, flew quite out of sight. The hour, as the lad guessed, being come, to awaken the father, he tried but could not raise him. At last he sees the bumble bee returned, lighted upon the sleepers lip, and walked down his throat and presently he awaked." This is a beautiful illustration of a common superstition that the spirit departs from the body in the form of a bird or bee.

Tarrying but a moment, the train sweeps rapidly on for the next four miles, over extensive meadows, revealing some pleasing views of water and rural scenery, when we stop at

CAPE ELIZABETH,

105 miles from Boston, 2 miles from Portland.

Passengers for Lower Kennebec, Bath, Hallowell, Gardner, Augusta, Kendall's Mills, Scowhegan, York and Cumberland Road. &c., change cars in this station.

This is one of the oldest towns in the State. It occupies the territory on the southeast shore of the famed Casco Bay, and was originally a part of Falmouth, which embraced Portland, Cape Elizabeth, and Westbrook. The earliest permanent settlements in this region were made on the eastern side of the town. We find grants of land to individuals from 1643 onward. It was broken up by the Indians, and for sixteen years laid waste. At one time it was a considerable town.

The villages within its limits are quite small, the inhabitants being scattered over the territory, and chiefly occupied in farming. The chief attraction is Granby's Hill, on Spurwink river, which forms a dividing line between this town and Scarborough. This hill overlooks a fine beach, and has an

extended prospect. Nothing can exceed the charming view opening upon the vision from this eminence, upon a clear summer day, with the invigorating sea-breeze fanning into life the wasted energies of the body. How many brave the dangers of ocean, and forego the sweet pleasures of home for many months, to visit certain localities in the old world, and yet have overlooked scenery of surpassing loveliness near their own doors. Standing upon this hill, above the ocean waves, and taking in at a glance the wide spread and varied landscape bathed in the gleries of a summer sun-set, one will find a scene as lovely as the old world can give. To be sure there are no ruined castles, telling of former greatness, no splendid cathedrals reared at the expense of poverty and degradation, but there are pretty houses —"sweet homes," where patriotism was nursed, which defended the soil from invasion and secured to posterity a sacred freedom—humble sanctuaries of the Most High, where a purer worship is offered from hearts than splendid ceremonies ever presented to the All-seing eye. Fort Preble, a place of interest commands the entrance of Portland harbor. The Farm School is worthy of notice. The Cape possesses a diversity of scenery, with its wild and ragged cliffs and bold headland, which we shall further notice in Portland.

This town contained a pond which upon being drained, disclosed a bed of peat, from which is made, by carbonization, the celebrated deodorizing powder; and which of late has been successfully used in making gas.

Ship building is the great business of a portion of the town, and most of the ships for Portland are here constructed.

The few moments consumed in passing from this station across the bridge are eagerly spent in gazing right and left, to catch a bird's eye view of the passing beauties. The bold headlands of Bramhall's Hill, with the quiet waters at its base,

and the charming slopes of the Cape, are hardly seen before we are at the gas works, by the Point, and at the station in

PORTLAND,

107 miles from Boston.

Passengers for the White Mountains, Montreal, Androscoggin and Kennebeck Road, Bangor, Waterville, and all stations on the Eastern roads, will remain in the cars, and proceed to the lower depot.

Portland, as before stated, was originally a part of Falmouth. The early settlers were attracted to this spot by its advantages. Being on the high way of coasting business, having the sea with its ample stores of fish on one side, and the forest with its woods, its furs, and its savage tenants on the other, it was regarded as a favorable locality. At a very early period it was a famous resort for fishermen, and a considerable foreign commerce was carried on. In 1638 a cargo of wine was landed here, and the same year we find one gentleman employing sixty men in fishing, and importing 6000 pipe staves. Before 1648 large ships arrived here and were filled with cargoes for Europe, but after that period commerce declined, its population fell off, and after the Indian war, it ceased to be a place of importance.

That part of Falmouth now called Portland, was known as the Neck, and by the Indians as Machigonne. It owed its settlement, at the particular time it was made, to a contest in regard to the title of land at the mouth of the Spurwink river. This point of land was not regarded with so much favor by the inhabitants as other portions of the surrounding territory, so that in 1660 we find it in the hands of a few proprietors. In 1675 but five or six families occupied

VIEW OF PORTLAND, FROM CAPE ELIZABETH.

the land. The next ten years the surrounding population had rapidly increased, and twenty-five families was the gain for this locality. During the Indian wars, this portion of the town was almost entirely abandoned, and its history to the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, is one of but little importance. In 1716 there were but 15 men upon the Neck, and in 1718 the number had increased to 20 families. In 1759 there were on the Neck 136 dwelling houses, beside four warehouses occupied by families, the whole embracing 160 families, numbering about 1000 souls. The principal business of the town was in lumber and wood and in fishing. The only vessels owned here were schooners and sloops, the largest of which was 80 tons burthen, and the number 7 of the former and 15 of the latter, a small portion of which were engaged in the West India trade. The building of vessels and boats gave employment to a portion of the people. The farming interests were so much neglected, that the people were almost entirely dependent on importations from the South, for their breadstuffs, and were frequently reduced to great want by precarious supplies. The inhabitants were a hardy, industrious and intelligent race. They did not come here to live in ease, but to seize upon the rough materials of wealth, to develope the resources of a new country, and to make themselves independent. The outward condition of the people in their style of habitations and living, bore no comparison to the luxury of the present day. The buildings were all of wood, many of them but one story high, and generally unpainted. The style of living, except in dress, was plain and simple—yet punch and flip were common drinks on all occasions that called people together. Considerable attention was paid to dress on such times as gave respite to the ordinary duties of life. The facilities for business were poor. There was no mail east of Portsmouth, and the only

mode of travel by land was either on horseback or on foot. Such was the condition of men and things in Portland one hundred years since, as given us by Mr. Willis the historian. Down through the revolutionary war, the records show the usual fluctuations in the business and prospects of the Neck, and the votes passed and measures taken evince a patriotism equal to that displayed in other communities. In 1786, July 4, an act incorporating the town of Portland was passed. Its population was then about 2000, and the territory embraced in the act was three miles in length and an average of three quarters of a mile in breadth. "The lands are some clay and the rest sand and gravel." The town contained one church, and four societies. The number of dwelling houses 412, the number of families 600. From 1807 to 1815 the commercial embarrassments had entirely prostrated the town. "The enemy was hovering on the coast with a formidable fleet, which ever and anon looked into our harbor with its blood-shot eyes. The people had transported many of their valuable moveables into the country; the town was filled with soldiers; was partially fortified, and the people were under constant apprehensions of an attack, or a forced contribution. The elements of its prosperity, being entirely commercial, had been struck down and prostrated—the largest mercantile houses had failed—their vessels were decaying in the docks—the grass was growing upon the wharves, and universal bankruptcy seemed the doom of the place." The tonnage fell off 9000 tons and the amount of duties went down from $342,909 to $41,369. The population in 1814 did not exceed 7000, many of the houses were unoccupied as well as numerous stores, which had previously been the busy scenes of trade. The next year, peace having been restored, the people began to recover from their prostrate condition and slowly advance to a brighter day.

From this period to the present the history of Portland is the history of a rapidly progressing people.

The principal reason of the slow growth of Portland, in early times, was not its exposure to Indian conflicts, or its extreme northeastern position in the colonies, which gave it a rigorous climate, but its being upon the frontiers, where the rival English and French contended for the mastery. From the time that Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, in 1531, claiming the possession of the Canadies for his king, the French sought to establish an empire in North America, that should stretch from the Bay of St. Lawrence to the Delta of the Mississippi; and in 1603, the French king granted to Du Monts, the great French navigator, all that portion of the country lying between 40 and 46 degrees of latitude; and all east of the Kennebec was actually occupied as French territory till 1697. This claim of territory, under the name of New France, even included Boston. Du Monts learned from the natives of the country that the shortest connection of Canada with the Atlantic was not by the way of the river; and he almost anticipated the track of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, in seeking it across the land. In that search he explored the coast down to Cape Porpoise, and nominally possessed himself of the country to that point. He described the harbor of Portland, in 1603, as does also Christopher Levett, who visited it in 1621, as the principal seaport, with the safest, best and most commodious waters, and the most accessible of any on the Atlantic coast, east of Massachusetts. This character, which the harbor attained at the earliest date, it has continually retained.—There is no condition of tide, there are no winds, and no seasons of the year, when it is not a safe place of refuge from the storms and severe weather. During the easterly gales of summer, hundreds of vessels will sometimes collect

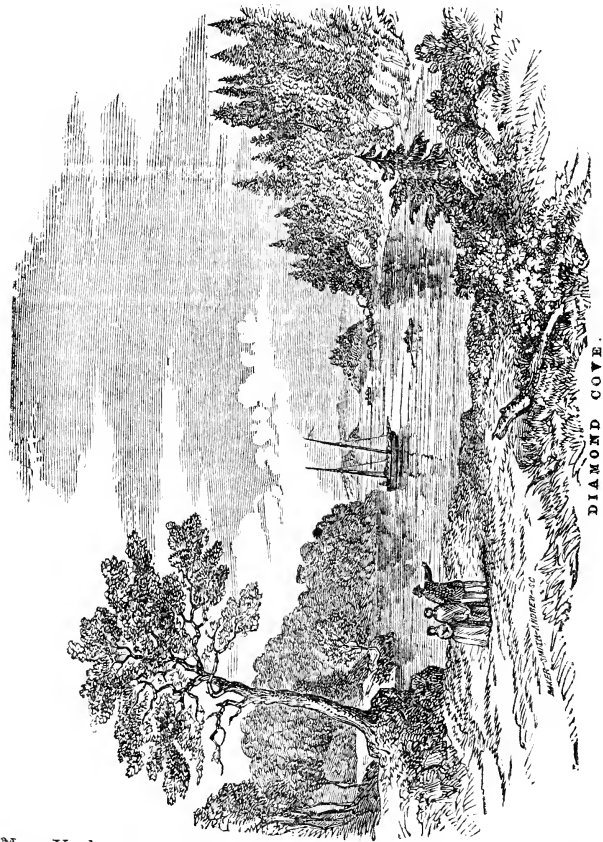
there in a day ; and in winter, when Boston and other ports are frozen over, Portland is very seldom obstructed with ice. It has a rise and fall of tides that prevents such adhesion of the ice as to long remain in the harbor. It was for this reason that it was selected as the terminus of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence road in the United States ; and a better selection could not have been made. But Portland harbor is not only safe and capacious, but it has the advantage of the deepest water. The largest ship that floats is as admissible to its wharves, as the little shallop ; and therefore it is that the Great Eastern steamer, which would contain several vessels as large as was Noah's ark, is destined to Portland, when it cannot enter the ports of Boston and New York.

This harbor is, further, one of the most beautiful sheets of water that was ever presented to the human eye. It is formed by one of the arms of Casco Bay, than which during the whole summer, the Bay of Naples is not more delightful. For two or three miles it spreads out to the ocean, with its surface broken by more than three hundred islands, of greater or less size, and with bold promontories, headlands and ledges making into its waters, giving some of the finest views and most enchanting scenery to be found in New England. For a yacht party, commend us to the waters of the Casco, when its bosom is unruffled, save by the light zephyrs that fill the canvas, and keep out the flowing sheet, but are not strong enough to sweep the heavens of the summer clouds that hang lazily between earth and sky, and fringed with golden colors, and send out silvery haze to shade the woodlands, the pastures and the hills. On such a day as we glide along by the green islands, whose projecting points whiten with the surf of waves rolling in from mid-ocean—as the skiff coasts along by grassy inlets, where the trees overhang the waves—or more boldly strikes

out to the deeper blue, where plummet and line will sound the habitations of the fishes to furnish repast, there is pleasure and happiness, if anywhere it is to be attained.

This harbor furnishes two conditions of water that are desirable for pleasure or for business. There is the inner and the outer—the first almost surrounded by the lands, and the second, with its broad lap opening to receive the riches of the seas, and the advantages of extended commerce. Upon another page we have a truthful view of DIAMOND COVE, a clear body of water, that makes at the Northeastern extremity of Diamond Island, about a half dozen miles from the city. This Cove is almost excluded from the ocean. and is surrounded with high banks—with forests, where the beech, the oak, the maple and the pines intermingle, and at sunset throw their shadows long on the mirror surface, or by the clean pebbly shores, that are desirable for landing. Here at the proper season, can always be found, parties of ladies and gentlemen, picnicking upon the banks which are most agreeable for such purposes. If the more open water is wanted, guide your yacht along the southeasterly side of the harbor, where Cape Elizabeth stretches out three leagues into the sea. This is a somewhat celebrated watering place, as we have before stated, where is Cape Cottage, three miles from the city, that commands a view of every vessel going in or out of the port; and five miles beyond that is the Ocean House, which has the unbroken sea-air, so desirable in hot weather, and a good view of the shores and the "rolling deep." Out here are the light-houses and the fog bell, and the forts that command the entrance to the harbor; and half a mile away is Richmond Island, where fishing parties will find abundant amusement. As we stand here by the Ocean House, or sail by the sunken rocks, over which the waters tremble, tumble, and roar forever—watching the

straining and smoking steamers that run south to Boston and



DIAMOND COVE.

New York, or east connecting with Bangor, Damariscotta, Eastport, St. John's, N. B., or Liverpool, England,—for thus

is Portland united to the ports of the United States, the Provinces and Europe—or as we admire the architectural beauty, the swan-like proportions of the new ship that lies in the offing, or of the darker sailed craft with flags set at the mast head, plowing her way home from distant lands—we should stop in gratitude to the men of the past, to remember that not always so peaceful and so safe were these waters. It was here that the English fleet under Mowatt, sailed in 1775 to bombard the town and lay the place in ashes. It was just out here, too, under a September sky, in 1813, that the British man-of-war Boxer had that bloody encounter with, and fell a prize to, the American brig Enterprize; and through the scuppers of these vessels, mingling with the waters of the ocean, ran the blood of both their commanders, Capt. Blythe of the Boxer, and Capt. Burroughs of the Enterprise, who fell in the action, and now sleep in peace, side by side, in the same graveyard, where rest the remains of a still superior naval officer, whose memory Portland cherishes, the gallant Com. Preble, who commanded at Tripoli, in 1804, and by various other services, added glory to the American flag. In the eastern part of the city can be seen, monuments to all these brave men—to Blythe, erected by his surviving officers; to Burroughs by a passing stranger; while an elegant white marble shaft is over the grave of the hero of Tripoli.

We cannot speak extravagantly either of the beauties or business advantages of Portland harbor; and the people may congratulate themselves upon their good fortune, and the wise foresight of those who laid the foundations of the city upon the best site on the whole coast of Maine. Such a harbor, in a location to which we shall refer again, has of late years, given a rapidly increasing foreign commerce. We insert below a table showing the advance of exports and imports from abroad, in various years :

Years.	Exports.	Imports.
1846,	$595,925	$454,226
1848,	623,239	616,045
1851,	716,868	952,347
1854,	3,014,340	3,124,676

We have not the statistics of a later date, but the tendency has been onward, till Portland, in point of revenue, is the second port in New England, and in the West India trade, the first, importing more sugar and molasses than any other city in the union. For the accommodation of the commerce and other national business, the government has recently erected two fine buildings, the new Custom House, a splendid granite building, of the Doric order of architecture, situate at the junction of Middle, Exchange and Lime streets, and adding much to the appearance of these avenues; and the Marine Hospital, a substantial and commodious edifice, occupying a commanding site on an island, some four miles from the city.

Besides its foreign and coastwise trade, Portland has a pretty substantial basis, in its manufactures. Its lumber operations, its ship-building, its sugar-making, its iron works, and locomotive building, with various branches of home industry and domestic manufactures, that are carried forward with a spirit of enterprise and industry honorable to the people, would in a different work than this be worthy of an extended notice. But most of all, the rapid growth of city—and how rapid that has been may be learned from the following figures—is attributable to the extension of railways:

	Population.	City Valuation.
1800,	3,677	
1820,	8,581	2,634,427
1830,	12,601	2,757,179
1840,	15,218	4,054,095
1850,	20,819	13,364,009
1855,	27,000	20,502,363

The first road entering the city was the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth, completed in 1842, which connects with the Eastern, the two cities at the termini of our route, and brings Boston and Portland within five hours of each other. Before, the land conveyance was in crowded and sickening stage coaches, that with jaded horses slowly crept up the hills, and as slowly almost, and with quite as much labor, went down again, and consequently cut off most of the travel; and the intelligence that now flashes along the electric wire, with the velocity of lightning, moved in the snail-paced mails, that made the news old and musty, and placed Portland so far from the centre of life and business that it was commonly spoken of by strangers, as the place "away down East, where the sun rises." Next, it sought connection with the vast interior country around it—with the thriving towns and fertile farms of the valleys of the Saco, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec and the Penobscot—which renders it the central point for trade, and the great depot for full one-third of New England; for by junction with other roads, Northern Vermont and New Hampshire, and the broad fields and arable lands of Maine, make Portland their mart of business. But most of all, it found advantage in the construction of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railway, that passes through the old settlements, the White Mountains, and the deep forests of the North, till it touches the frontier of the country; and then onward till it reaches the St. Lawrence, through which pass the waters of one-third the lake surface of the globe; and over that river through the Victoria tubular bridge, now building, which as a work of art will be one of the wonders of the world, the cars will shortly pass into the city of Montreal, the old French possession, where the conflict of rival races wet the plains of Abraham with blood, and Wolfe and Montcalm sunk to their gory graves.

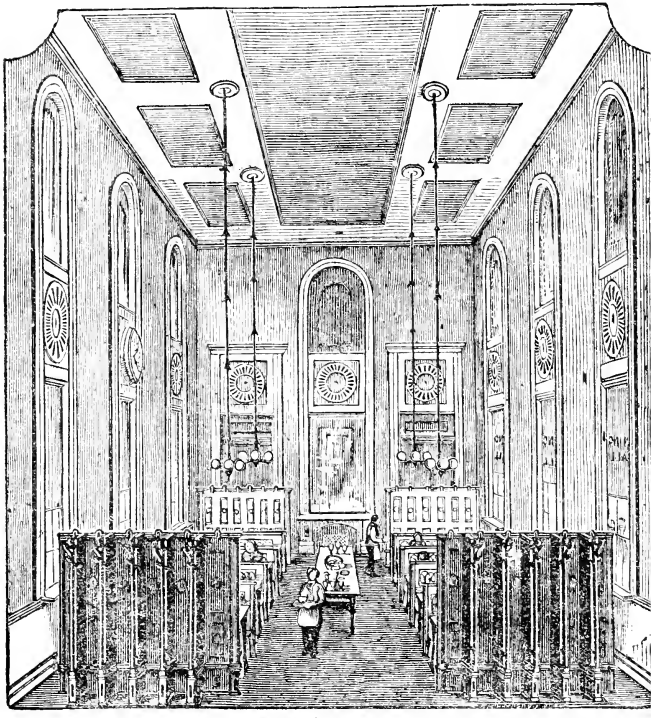
This road is now under lease to the Grand Trunk Railroad Company, of Canada, that has a capital of $50,000,000, who have undertaken to build a trunkway through Canada, terminating, as the surveys now do, on Lake Superior, with the intention, if the project shall be feasible, of pushing their way forward to the Pacific, that the ends may rest upon the two great oceans. They also have branches connecting all the large towns and cities with their main trunk. By this road Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and the thriving Red River settlements in Hudson Bay territory, are nearer the Atlantic than by any other road; and so, too, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon and the Pacific, are nearer to Portland than to any Atlantic city in the United States. This road can transport the products of the Canadas and the Western States to the ocean cheaper than any other road, and thus Portland is made the outlet of an immense business that no man has yet calculated, for none are gifted with prophetic vision that can look down the vista of coming years, and foresee the splendid developments that are to transpire in the interior—the yet unknown interior—of the North American continent. And if the outlet, then, with such a harbor, why not the inlet, not alone for foreign manufactures and products that the interior shall demand, but also of the tide of immigration from the Eastern Provinces, from Britain, Germany, and the North of Europe, that is to sweep over the lands from James Bay, now known only to the hunter, down to the plateau of inner Mexico, cultivating the prairies, building cities upon the rivers and lakes, digging the mines from Lake Superior to the Golden Gates of San Francisco, covering the hills with vineyards, and the mountain sides with the flocks and herds. It was estimated in 1854 that the travel to and from Portland by stages, cars and vessels, was 700,000; and if so, who will say that one century hence it

will not be seven millions? It cannot be that God has given natural advantages where he will not give a people capable of appreciating and improving them; and to us Portland seems to have a great future that shall make her the riva and the equal of the first class cities of the world.

But while we have narrated what seemed to us very plain, upon entering Portland, we have said little of the city proper, to which we must now turn our attention, and briefly describe.

From the depot of the Portsmouth, Saco and Portland road, we may ride along Commercial street, which is 100 feet wide, built across the wharves, with shipping and the green banks of Cape Elizabeth across the river on the right, and on the left the Sugar House, and other manufactories and store houses—to the station of the Grand Trunk Railway, a mile or so distant. At this Station passengers have half an hour for refreshments. Here we find a passenger station second to none in size and convenience in New England, lighted from the roof by a sky light, occupying the entire length of the building. It is of brick, 444 feet in length, by 96 feet in width; is arranged with a complete suit of offices. and fitted up with every accomodation that could be desired for such a purpose. After having refreshed the inner man at the bountiful table of Barnum's celebrated Dining Saloon, provided for the convenience of passengers, a view of which we present that our readers may know what luxury of taste is expended to please the eye, we look round the premises at the Freight Depot, 550 feet in length, part of it 75, and the remainder 90 feet in width; another, 450 by 42, connected with it by covered passage ways, and several large warehouses upon the wharves, used in connection with lines of steamboats; and then proceed to the OBSERVATORY, situated a short distance from this spot, on Munjoy hill. It is a fine structure, 82 feet in height, and elevated 226 feet above the water level. The view from the top of the tower is mag-

nificent. In one direction the eye wanders over the blue waters of Casco Bay, winding around the emerald green islands, presenting a truly picturesque appearance. In



INTERIOR VIEW OF BARNUM'S GRAND TRUNK DINING SALOON.

another, the eye sweeps over the roofs, cupolas and spires of the city proper, while far away in the distance, the white dwelling houses of Gorham meet the vision. Away to the

southwest, the ever restless billows of the ocean can be seen breaking and foaming along the reefs, or dashing with relentless fury against the bold and rocky precipices of the Cape. From the northwest the towering caps of the White Hills rise above the intervening forests, as if to mock the beauty below. If we are not satisfied here let us go on to the summit of the hill on North street, where may be seen an inland view of great variety and beauty, as our artist has represented.

A walk through any of the broad and well-cleaned streets will show us the regularity of the plan, and at the same time convince us that the noble elm and shade trees, instead of being out of place, lend a subduing and harmonizing influence to a business mart, refreshing to the spirits, and add to the lines of substantial stores a new beauty and a cheerful appearance.

Many splendid edifices have been erected in this city within a year or two past. Among the number may be mentioned the new Hotel, now rapidly approaching completion. It is a magnificent edifice, of marble front, six stories high, and will accommodate over 500 people. It is situated on Middle street, near Exchange. The dimensions of the building are 190 feet in length and 92 feet in width on the front. The estimated cost of the structure is $275,000. Among the Public Houses, the Freeman House, centrally located, in a sightly and quiet locality, on Middle street, a short distance from the Atlantic and St. Lawrence station, is one of those retreats where the traveller may enjoy himself without being subjected to the annoyances of a large hotel, where every attention will be paid to his wants. From one end of the city to the other, manufactories, warehouses, stores and dwellings are constantly going up, and even with this progress the demands of business can hardly be met. The churches, too, are very fine structures.

The land on which the city is built rises gradually from the water side to a considerable height, so that the buildings

VIEW FROM HILL ON NORTH STREET.

show one above another, the roof of the new Custom House

and the Hotel towering above all. From many points of the city extensive views of the surrounding country may be had, on both sides, making some of the best sites for residences that could be selected. Most of the streets are luxuriantly shaded by tall, massive trees, which with its princely dwellings, nestling amid shrubbery and flowers, entitle it to the name of "Forest City."

The city is the most healthy in the Union, and its records prove that with the exception of Lisbon, it is the most healthy in the world. This is undoubtedly to be attributed to the general cleanliness of the streets, and elevation of land on which it its built, and to its being washed on every side by tide water. Its condition in this respect may be inferred from the fact that the average number of deaths annually for the past twenty years, has been 1 in 65, while in other Atlantic cities it has been 1 in 40, and in some as low as 1 in 30.

"At either end of the city is a promenade, one hundred and fifty feet in width, lined with young and thrifty shade trees. These promenades are graded into three sections, two for walking, and the other for riding, and the succession of views developed in passing around them, is scarcely less beautiful than those from the observatory."

Among the private enterprises of the city, it may be well to mention one or two of the large number, to show that the growth of manufactures has been advancing with the general business of the place. The Sugar Establishment, passed on the route between the depots, consumes equal to 40,000 hogsheads of molasses annually, furnishing employment to 100 hands, in manufacturing sugar alone. The extent of trade thereby created is equal to $500,000 annually, employing many vessels between Portland and the West Indies, and regular packets between Portland and Boston and

New York. The capital employed in this establishment is equal to $350,000.

The Portland Company, principally engaged in building locomotives and railway machinery, has a capital invested of $180,000, and employed in 1854, an average of 335 men. This company was established in 1847, for the purpose, chiefly, of supplying the equipment of the Portland and Montreal Railway. It has proved one of the most successful enterprises in the country. Up to 1855, this company had built ninety Locomotives which maintain the highest reputation throughout the country. In addition to every description of railway and other machinery, it has built steamboat engines, and engines and sugar mills for Cuba.

The numerous works of a less extended character in various parts of the city, appear to be in a thriving and healthy condition, displaying an activity which alone would advance a community to wealth and permanent prosperity. The Canadian Steam Company makes Portland its winter harbor for five months of the year, and necessarily contributes to the welfare of mechanics.

In literary institutions, in schools, in churches, and in benevolent associations Portland sustains a high position with other New England cities. While she has sought every means to advance her business relations, she has not been remiss in providing for the higher wants of society ; and but few cities can boast of more extended and liberal provisions for the intellectual and moral welfare of her citizens. It would be a pleasure to speak in detail of the various institutions, but our notice has already extended to a greater length than we designed, and we will merely add, that in enterprise, in promoting improvements to connect themselves with distant parts of the country and increase their trade, Portland in proportion to its population and

wealth is ahead of any other city in New England. No other such place would have undertaken and carried through the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad; and it richly deserves its present prosperity and position, with all the greatness that its future promises.

In closing, we annex a few extracts, taken from a rare work of Travels, by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, published in 1799, showing more plainly than our brief sketch, the condition of Portland in 1795, '96 and '97 :—

"I came on Sunday to Portland, and was surprised to find the Inns so decent and well kept, in a part of the country so remote, and so rarely visited by travellers. The many small wooden houses to be seen, being constructed, in no very strong or elegant manner, of logs or deals, do not indicate, by their exterior appearance, either wealth or cleanliness. A European traveller is, therefore, not a little surprised to see a number of elegant women come out of these huts, all wearing fashionable hats and head dresses with feathers, handsome cloaks and the rest of their dress suitable to this. Such is the show which these females make every Sunday morning when the weather is sufficiently fair to encourage them to go to church. The men go equally fine. But those females who are prevented from going abroad in the morning by their cooking, the washing of their kitchen dishes, the milking of the cows and the feeding of the swine, attend the church only in the afternoon, and come less solicitously dressed out in their finery. They are almost all tall and good looking; some of them are even very handsome."

* * * * * * *

"The trade of Portland is carried on in seventy ships, of various burthens, all belonging to the town. Many of them sail to Europe, though oftener to the Antilles. About twenty

are engaged in the fishing of cod, which are taken among the islands at the mouth of the bay.

The merchants of Portland are numerous; but none among them possess great capital, as Portland, and the parts adjacent, are not equal to the consumption of the cargoes which the ships import in return for their exports; these are generally carried to Boston, which is the principal mart for foreign commodities.

The want of money occasions a greater proportion of them to be sent to the capital than is for the advantage of the place; and here while the store houses of Portland are neglected, the goods which might be bought and sold here, at a more reasonable rate, are bought by the people of this neighborhood, at an exorbitant price in Boston.

In 1785, the tonnage of the united townships of Falmouth and Portland, amounted to 5340 tons in the foreign trade, 1628 in the fishing and the coasting trade; in all, 6969 tons. In October, 1775, the tonnage of the ships registered for the year, was 8408 tons in the foreign trade; 5390 in the coasting trade and fishing; in all, 13,790 tons. The value of the exports for Portland in 1791, $74,804; in 1792, $105,190; in 1793, $146,921; in 1794, $116,612; in 1795, $165,682.

There is, as yet, no regular market for provisions in Portland. This small though handsome town consists of about 300 houses which may contain 2,300 souls. The Presbyterians have here two churches; the Episcopalians, one.—Schools have also been established here, which are said to be pretty good. Lots of ground, for building in the town, are at a price which may be reckoned high; and land within a mile of the town costs $20 an acre. Portland is the principal town in the County of Cumberland, which contains about 24,000 inhabitants."

BOSTON TO LYNN,

OVER THE SAUGUS BRANCH ROAD.

We start from the Causeway street station, in one of the trains running over this branch, and upon the main track, run by Somerville, on to the brick yard a few rods from the South Malden Station, when we leave the trunk road, pass on a short distance, and halt at the first station of the branch road, which is in

SOUTH MALDEN,

3 miles from Boston, 8 miles from Lynn.

As we have given a sketch of the history and topography of this town, it will be useless for us to refer to it again. There are but few houses in this vicinity, and all we find to attract our attention is the extensive plain stretching out to the left, to the base of the hills. The next station is

MALDEN CENTRE,

4 1-2 miles from Boston, 6 1-2 miles from Lynn.

This is a charming location presenting attractions of uncommon beauty. The settlement around, with its neat houses and orderly gardens, and the presence of four church edifices, bearing the marks of architectural skill, with stores and other conveniences for the inhabitants, and its manufactories within sight, show most conclusively that

this portion of the place is thriving and prosperous, and will at no distant day become a considerable town. But as the stations on the branch are so numerous it will not answer for us to tarry long, so we resume our seat, and ere we have lost the sound of the bell, we stop at

MAPLEWOOD,

5 1-2 miles from Boston, 5 1-2 miles from Lynn,

A station erected to accommodate that portion of the citizens of Malden, who reside in this section of the town. The station owes its name to the abundance of Maple trees around. The beautiful grove in front of the depot, seems an inviting spot for pic-nic parties, and a comfortable place for a summer ramble. But a minute or two is consumed in skimming over the ground to

EAST MALDEN,

6 1-2 miles from Boston, 4 1-2 miles from Lynn,

The fourth stopping place, on this line, in Malden, an accommodation on the part of the railroad corporation that should be compensated by a liberal patronage. There is nothing here that will induce us to stop, unless we have time to walk into the woods upon the hills and enjoy ourselves among the giants of olden times. Leaving the town of Malden we pass the line to Saugus, in which we have three station houses. The first is

CLIFTONDALE,

7 miles from Boston, 3 miles from Lynn,

Apparently a new settlement, if we may judge by the fresh appearance of the houses, nestling among the trees,

upon the clifts which abound upon the hill sides. The forrests around are dense, and the scenery wild and picturesque. A mile further and we reach

SAUGUS CENTRE,

9 miles from Boston, 2 miles from Lynn.

The town of Saugus, prior to 1815, was a part of Lynn, called the West Parish. At its incorporation it took the ancient Indian name of Lynn, which has always been retained by the river forming its eastern boundary. There are in the town extensive salt marshes, covering about one seventh of the whole territory. The greater part of the rest of the township is rough and uneven, and to a considerable extent covered with wood. The land upon the river is generally good, well cultivated and productive. The town has several villages and numbered at the last census 1.788. It is constantly growing both in numbers and in prosperity. Its proximity to Boston, and the accommodations of this branch road, contribute largely to its growth, by offering to merchants and city traders, the best and most romantic locations for summer residences at a nominal price, and every facility desired for connection with Boston. From this station on to

EAST SAUGUS,

10 miles from Boston, 1 mile from Lynn,

We have a good opportunity to observe the serpentine course of the river, crossed twice on our way hither, and which here at our right furnishes a most excellent power. From the hill tops its course through the town presents most curious formations. Near this settlement were the celebrat-

ed iron works, spoken of in the early history of Lynn. Evidences of their existence may still be found. After looking around the village, which will well repay the time spent, we cross the river again, and in a moment are in Lynn, at the station called

LYNN COMMON,

11 miles from Boston,

Near the spacious common, one of the most extensive parade grounds in the county, and around which are several of the most costly and elegant mansions in the State.

In passing over this branch we have met some of the most romantic scenery that the eye could feast upon; and although an extra quarter of an hour has been consumed, we have had sufficient pleasure to pay us for its loss. We find on this branch a good illustration of the benefits of railroads, in developing the resources of the land, and in building up communities, for at every station there is indisputable evidence of the agency of the railway in collecting together the settlers around the stations.

A short distance and we are on the main track and at the West Lynn Station, referred to on page 31.

SALEM TO MARBLEHEAD,

OVER THE MARBLEHEAD BRANCH.

Within the past two years the Eastern Railroad Corporation, for the better accommodation of this road, and for security against accident, have laid an independent track across the Mill Pond, at the side of the main trunk, so that now no delay is had in waiting for trains. We leave the Salem station and ride by the side of the main road to the head of the inlet, about a mile distant, when we curve round the hill on our left, and running in a south easterly direction by the groves of fine trees and green fields and stop at

FOREST RIVER STATION,

2 miles from Salem, 2 miles from Marblehead.

On our left we have a good view of a portion of Salem harbor, which makes in here to the mouth of Forest river, and of Salem neck and Winter Island. This manufactory on our right is the Forest River Lead Works, and the dwellings near by, the residences of those connected with it. In this vicinity are some of the best farms in the State, among which is the celebrated "Pickman farm," the most valuable in Essex county, and probably the best stocked and highest cultivated. It is owned by Doct. G. B. Loring, of Salem, who is most ardently devoted to agriculture. Directly after leaving this station we approach the "boulder region," and soon the Rocky Hills of Marblehead appear in sight. Our

approach to the town is one of interest. On either side the great irregularity of the surface, and the still greater diversity of taste displayed in the selection of building lots, attract the attention of the stranger. Riding through a portion of the territory, by gardens and houses, we arrive at the station in

MARBLEHEAD,

(4 miles from Salem.)

This town was formerly a part of Salem. It is built upon a peninsula about 4 miles in length and 2 miles in breadth. The surface is extremely irregular and rocky, elevated above the surrounding country. Some authorities give its original name as "Marmaracria." It has likewise been called "*Marmorcum Promontorium*,"—a promontory as hard as marble. The earliest settlements were upon the eastern side of the town, nearest the harbor. It was incorporated in 1649, at which time it contained 44 families, the men being generally engaged in the fishing business. We find that as early as 1645, "In consequence of some objecions made to Mr. Allerton," an enterprising "inhabitant of Marblehead," he was "requested to move thence." The same year the General Court voted "that there should be a plantation at Marblehead." There are other evidences that the place was known, long before its incorporation. Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, relates the following circumstances, concerning the death of Rev. John Avery, who was invited to Marblehead, this year.

"The divine oracles have told us, 'That the judgments of God are a great deep:' and indeed it is in the deep, that we have seen some of those judgments executed.

"It has been remarked, that there miscarried but *one vessel* of all those great fleets which brought passengers into New

England upon the pious and holy designs of the first settlement; which vessel also was but a pinnace; nevertheless richly laden, as having in it Mr. Avery.

"Mr. Avery, a worthy minister, coming into New England, was invited unto Marblehead; but there being no church there, and the fishermen being there generally too remiss to form a church, he went rather to Newberry, intending there to settle.

"Nevertheless, both the magistrates and the ministers of the country urging the common good, that would arise from his being at Marblehead, he embarked in a pinnace, with two families, his own and his cousin Mr Anthony Thacher's, which, with some others then aboard, made in all twenty three souls; designing in a few hours to have reached the port.

"But on August 14, 1635, in the night, there came on as mighty a storm as perhaps was ever known in these parts of the world; a storm which drove the vessel upon a rock, and so tore it, that the poor people sat presently up to the middle in water, expecting every moment the waves of death to be rolling over them.

"The vessel was quickly broken all to pieces, and almost the whole company drowned, by being successively washed off the rock; only Mr. Thacher, having been a considerable while tossed hither and thither, by the violent seas, was at last very strangely cast alive upon the shore; where much wounded, he found his wife a sharer with him in the like deliverance.

"While these distressed servants of God were hanging about the rock, and Mr. Thacher had Mr. Avery by the hand, resolving to die together, and expecting by the stroke of the next wave to die, Mr. Avery lifted up his eyes to heaven, saying, 'We know not what the pleasure of God is;

I fear we have been too unmindful of former deliverances : Lord, I cannot challenge a promise of the preservation of my life ; but thou hast promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven, through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ ; this therefore I do challenge of thee.' Which he had no sooner spoken, but he was by a *wave* sweeping him off, immediately wafted away to heaven indeed : being well furnished with those *unperishable things* ; whereto refers the advice of the famous Duke of Bavaria, ' *Hujusmodi comparande sunt opes, quæ nobiscum possunt simul evatare in Naufragio.*'

" The next island was therefore called Thacher's Woe, and that rock Avery's fall.

" Never forget the memorable swan song, which Avery not *eight days*, but scarcely eight seconds of a minute, before his expiration, sang in the gates of heaven."

Mr. Avery had his wife and eight children on board ; Mr. Thacher a wife and nine children. Mr. Thacher, who was so miracuously saved, was a brother of Rev. Peter Thacher of Sarum, England. He afterwards lived at Yarmouth, where he died at the age of 80. He had two sons born after the shipwreck and before 1640. His nephew Thomas, the first minister of the Old South Church in Boston, narrowly escaped the calamity of the wreck. He was with his uncle at Ipswich, being then a lad of fifteen, but preferred to go to Marblehead by land, and so was preserved from the dangers of the sea.

In 1674 the town had grown to a considerable size, the records exhibiting 114 householders ; the great facilities for fishing, making it a place of considerable notoriety. Ten years later, the first church in Marblehead was gathered, the whole work being countenanced with the presence of the Deputy Governor, with five of the assistants, and twenty

elders, with other ministers, and young scholars and many others.

Running down through the history of the town, we find much that is uncommon, and strangely in contrast with the customs of neighboring settlements. In the diary of Rev. Mr. Barnard, the progress of the people for a half century exhibits a wonderful change both in their social condition and in public prosperity. "Before 1720, there was not a carpenter, a tailor, nor mason, nor butcher in the town. They had their houses built by country workmen, and their clothes made out of town, and supplied themselves with beef and pork from Boston, which drained the town of money. There was not one foreign vessel, although the town always possessed every advantage for a free and extensive navigation. The people contented themselves to be slaves to work in the mines, leaving it to the merchants of Salem, Boston and Europe to carry off the gains; by which means the town was poor and in debt; so much were they involved to merchants of other places, that very few families, not more than twenty, were independent as to their circumstances. They are generally a rude, swearing, drunken and fighting crew; but as they increased in numbers, they made improvement in social life, in virtue and good morals. Some years after the town abounded with artificers, good workmen of every description, and the market had a full supply. By the middle of the century, the manners of the people were so much cultivated as to be remarkable for their civilities and especially for their hospitality to strangers. There were not only gentleman-like families, and pious well behaved people in the town, but the very fishermen rose superior to their rudeness of the former generations. When they were persuaded by individuals of public spirit to send their fish to foreign markets, they soon became conversant with

the mysteries of trade; they soon likewise became sensible of the advantage they should reap from it; and while individuals grew rich, the town also received the benefit of it. From the smallest beginning, Marblehead became one of the first trading towns of the Bay. In the year 1776 there were between 30 and 40 ships, brigs, snows and topsail schooners engaged in foreign trade."

At the commencement of the Revolutionary war the town had become the second in the colony both in population and wealth. "As to its numbers and opulence, it swarmed with inhabitants, was a pattern of industry, flourished in trade, and abounded with wealth."

During the Revolution the citizens signalized themselves above their neighbors, by acts of daring and deeds of valor, upon sea and land. This war, with that of 1812, and the embargo had a most serious effect upon the town, for while it never recovered from the suffering of the former, the effect of the latter annihilated its business. An entire regiment of 1000 men was furnished from this town, in 1775, a large portion of whom lost their lives in the service. In the last war the frigate Constitution was manned almost exclusively by Marblehead men, and 500 of her sons were found in a single British prison, at the close of the contest, where most of them had remained during nearly the whole war. A good story is told of the frigate Constitution, which well illustrates the patriotism of the times. In 1814 she was chased into the harbor by a British fleet, and the weather being foggy it was impossible for the citizens of the place to distinguish her signals, and it was supposed that she was one of the enemy's ships. Rumors instantly spread that the town was to be attacked. The greatest excitement prevailed. The guns of the fort were ready, every man was called to duty, and the women actually made ready for a severe fight, and prepared

a large quantity of lint to dress the wounds of the injured. A messenger was deputed to Salem, and as it was Sunday, he entered the church of old Dr. Bentley, the celebrated scholar and patriot, mounted the pulpit and informed the Doctor of the news. The preacher closed the services and told his hearers, that they had served God half of the day, and the other half they must serve their country. A company was got together, and the Doctor accompanied the men to Marblehead. Upon their arrival the mistake was discovered. These facts need no comment — they exhibit a patriotism and devotion shown by no other town — and the names of Glover, of Wormstead, of Mugford, of Cowell, and others among the gallant officers, will be cherished so long as the remembrance of our struggles endure.

The history of the town shows the names of distinguished individuals, in every profession of life. Barnard and Bours, among her divines. Holyoke, for thirty years President of Harvard College, among her professors; Orne and Gerry, among her statesmen; and Sewall and Story, among her lawyers, were lights which time can never dim.

In 1806, near 90,000 quintals of codfish were exported to the single port of Bilboa, and upwards of one hundred vessels, with about 1000 men, were employed in their catch, and at present no town on the coast exceeds her in this business. Great loss of life has attended this pursuit, the dangers of which can only be realized by the mournful tales which are yearly told of the loss of large numbers of the bold and hardy fishermen. In the great gale of 1844 sixty-five seamen were lost.

The harbor of Marblehead would be one of the best in the country were it not for its exposure to storms, which oftentimes make the anchorage unsafe, though the breakwater, built in 1845, greatly improved it. It is formed by a narrow

isthmus connecting the town with Great Neck, a point of land which runs out about a mile in length, separating the waters from Lynn harbor. The Neck is occupied by farms, one of which in 1845 afforded the largest comparative profit in the State. The Government light house occupies its northeastern point. Off the Neck are two small islands called "Tinker's" and "Ram" island. At the entrance to the harbor, which is a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, is Fort Sewall, now in a dilapidated condition, but yet an interesting relic of former days. The fort is formed by two angular batteries of earth and stone, with a stone and brick wall in their rear. The barracks were bomb proof. In 1772 the population of the town was 6,015, from which number it fell to 4 443, the smallest exhibited by any census since the first period. It now contains a population of about 7000, which is rapidly increasing.

It would be almost impossible for us to convey a correct idea of the topographical appearance of this town The best description we can give is to call the site a succession of boulders, alternating in extent and height, and so connected with each other as to convey the impression, to a winter visitor, that soil sufficient for a large garden plot it would be difficult to find. Indeed, as Whitefield was entering the place in autumn, when no verdure was to be seen, he exclaimed, "Pray where do they bury their dead?" But yet surprising as it may appear, the soil is unusually productive, and the crops are not only much larger than usual but earlier. From many parts of the town a complete view of the surrounding territory may be had. This irregularity, though making the streets rough and unmethodical, gives some of the most sightly locations for dwellings, and from a distance adds a novelty to the general aspect of the town.

The healthiness of the place is remarkably good. Its

elevation and being surrounded with salt water, contributes to the general healthiness of its people, who are robust, free from the ordinary ills of a less pure atmosphere, and live to an advanced age.

The fishing business has not of late years so exclusively employed its citizens, though it is now on the increase. Other branches of industry, less hazardous and perhaps more profitable, have been introduced. In 1855, 1080 males and 1485 females were engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, the value of which were $1,020,373 00. In the manufacture of cordage about 50 men are employed, while many other branches were represented.

In the cause of education the most liberal provisions are made. Its schools are in excellent condition. The academy, founded in 1788, where Judge Story was prepared for college, is one of the oldest institutions in the State, and is in a flourishing condition. Her churches, benevolent associations, literary institutions, &c., are all creditable to a moral and intelligent community, and mark the advancement of the people.

BEVERLY TO GLOUCESTER,

OVER THE GLOUCESTER BRANCH ROAD.

This is one of the most important branches of the Eastern Railroad, the longest, and running through a region that is fast filling up with an intelligent and industrious population. It not only brings to the trunk-road large amounts of freight and a considerable number of passengers, but is really a source of profit in itself; and as the towns along the route grow in population and business, the road will advance and becor e a material aid to the corporation.

A short distance from the principal station in Beverly, we leave the main track and run off in a northeasterly direction, through the fields and gardens to

BEVERLY CROSSING,

One mile from the Junction; 13 miles from Gloucester.

The two or three stations, within the town of Beverly, are not permanently established as stopping places, but are merely provided for the accommodation of citizens living in the vicinity—so that the stranger must not be surprised if he finds that the stops do not correspond with the guide. The announcement of the conductor however will set him right. We go on as though a halt was made at every place laid down. The scenery is deversified; woods, fields and gar-

dens alternately appear, and the surface grows more and more uneven.

PRIDE'S CROSSING,

Four miles from the Junction; 10 miles from Gloucester.

In this vicinity several merchants, of Boston and elsewhere, have erected summer cottages, and spend their leisure time, during the warm season on the beach. There are many fine locations around the station, that offer advantages for any degree of embellishment. Within a few years the attractions of this place will draw to it men of taste and of quiet habits, who love the pure atmosphere and the cooling ocean breezes. One mile further on, through a scenery that absorbs our attention, we arrive at

WEST BEACH,

5 miles from the Junction, 9 miles from Gloucester.

This has become a place of great popularity. It is a part of Beverly, formerly a barren, desolate place, occupied by a few indolent farmers. Now it is converted into a romantic spot, the site of neat cottages and stately mansions, the residences of men of refinement and wealth, who come here in the summer for comfort and pleasure that cannot he found at the crowded beaches of the fashionable watering places. The beach extends to

NEWPORT,

6 miles from the Junction, 8 miles from Gloucester,

Is a part of the town of Manchester, occupying the southeastern corner of its territory. The beautiful residences, neatly arranged grounds, and the picturesque locations show

the traveller the character of this sea-side community. The charming views from the hills around, or a walk upon the beach will well repay the trouble. Misery Island and Baker's Island, lay off the shore, and in the distance the whole coast of Salem and Marblehead, with portions of the towns appear. But the brief stop allows but a bird's eye view. On over the bridge which spans the upper extremity of Manchester harbor, we catch another glimpse of an inland and ocean scene rarely enjoyed. Here at our left is the village of

MANCHESTER,

7 miles from the Junction, 7 miles from Gloucester.

This town is quite pleasantly located, having a southerly declivity to the water, the houses are neat and arranged in such a manner as to lend a novelty to the general appearance of the village. Prior to 1640, it was called Jeffrey's Creek, and was a part of Salem. In 1645 it began its existence as a distinct corporation, and that year we find it was known as a fishing town, which business it continued with good success up to the present century. The shallowness of the water prevented vessels of any size from approaching the wharves, and the inhabitants turned their attention to the manufacture of furniture, chairs, &c. Says a recent writer, "the manufacturing business in Manchester is dull in comparison to what it once was. Several failures occurred a few years ago which were a severe drawback on the business of the town. Some of those who were extensively engaged in manufacturing furniture have gone to other towns, while those who remain do not prosecute the business to the same extent as formerly." There are four villages in the town, Manchester, on our left; Newport, in which we stopped; North Yarmouth and Kettle Cove. Quite a portion of the people are engaged in farming, and a considerable

number in manufacturing shoes. The surface of the township is rocky and uneven, and in many places covered with extensive forests. The Magnolia, a low tree, bearing a fragrant flower, is found here. The population at the last census was 1,864. There are many delightful rides about here.

The road leading to Essex is full of rural beauties, and the seashore itself is in the highest degree wild and picturesque, commanding an extensive view of the open sea for miles around. The town is remarkably healthy and singularly free from pulmonary complaints, there being fewer deaths from consumption than in any town on the whole coast. Its schools and churches are well sustained, and the inhabitants generally are in comfortable circumstances.

Resuming our journey we glide on by a large boulder on our left, through the ledges into the forest, and next stop at

WEST PARISH.

12 miles from the junction, 2 miles from Gloucester.

This is as desolate, wild and rugged looking as one would wish to see. There is no village around here, and the few inhabitants that occupy the houses in sight are engaged in agriculture. This parish was the first formed in Gloucester, and its limits embrace a large amount of territory, much of which as can be seen, would be as difficult in cultivating as a sandy desert. Leaving here we proceed to the bridge, stretching across the river, where we have a most excellent view of the distant villages belonging to the town. A minute or two and we stop at the new station house in

GLOUCESTER.

14 miles from the junction.

The town of Gloucester comprises four distinct villages. The village of Sandy Bay on the eastern extremity of the

Cape, about five miles from the station. There is no natural harbor there, but a pier and breakwater have been constructed for the security of the shipping. The village of Annisquam, or Squam, as it is more frequently called, is on the north side of the Cape, about the same distance from this point. This village has a safe harbor, which is resorted to by fishing craft. Opposite is the famous sand beach, from which large quantities of floor sand are procured. West parish, through which we have just passed, is the next, and the harbor village, or Gloucester proper, the fourth.

Cape Ann, as early as 1624, was occupied as a fishing station by the Dorchester Company, of England. A numerous tribe of Indians then dwelt on the Cape. In 1625, Roger Conant and others removed here, but did not remain long. In May 1639 it was incorporated as a "fishing plantation," and in 1642 another act of incorporation was obtained and the place called Gloucester; which name tradition says, was from Gloucester, England, whence some of the principal inhabitants came. There was a great storm here in 1635, in which Mr. Avery, particularly spoken of in Marblehead, was lost. The town made considerable progress. In 1638 there was given to every householder and man upwards of 21 years of age, who was a native of the town, and bore charges to town and county, six acres of land. 112 persons received lots. In 1692, that memorable year in the annals of mystery, many wild and extravagant stories are told of wonderful phenomena seen in Gloucester. "The people imagined that they saw armed Frenchmen and Indians running about their houses and fields. They frequently shot at these strange men, when within two or three rods of them, and saw them fall; but on coming up they rose and run away." The "unaccountable troublers" sometimes shot at the town's people, who averred that they heard the bullets

whiz by their ears; none of the balls, however, took effect. One man heard a gun go off and the bullet whiz by him; he turned and found it had cut off a pine bush just by him, and lodged in a hemlock tree. Looking about he saw four men running towards him with guns on their shoulders. Six other men saw where the bullet had cut off the pine bush and where it lodged in the hemlock: they cut it out and shew it to their friends. At another time several men were seen striking against a deserted house, and a noise was heard as if men were throwing stones at a barn. The alarm was so great for three weeks that two regiments were raised, and a detachment of sixty men from Ipswich, under command of Major Appleton, was sent to their succor. The clergyman of the town, Rev. John Emerson, says, "all rationable persons will be satisfied that Gloucester was not alarmed for a fortnight together by Frenchmen and Indians, but that the devil and his agents were the cause of all that befel the town."

There is but little in the history of the town for a long period onward, of sufficient interest to detail. The people chiefly engaged in fishing, were prospered, and the affairs of church and municipality went along in the ordinary channel of the times.

In 1775, on the 8th of August, Capt. John Lindzee, with the sloop-of-war Falcon, made a wanton attack upon Gloucester. The cruiser was in pursuit of two schooners bound into Salem from the West Indies. One of them was captured off the port, but the other put into Gloucester, and the captain of the Falcon sent two barges and a whale boat, well manned and armed, to seize her and carry her out. The gallant and patriotic inhabitants resisted the attempt, fired upon the bargemen after they had boarded the schooner, killed three and wounded the lieutenant in command, who thereupon

returned to the man-of-war. "Upon this," says the excited narrator, who probably participated in the action, "Lindzee sent the other schooner and a small cutter to attend him, well armed with orders to fire upon the damned rebels wherever they could see them, and that he would in the meantime cannonade the town. He immediately fired a broadside upon the thickest settlements, and stood himself with diabolical pleasure to see what havoc his cannon might make. "Now," said he, "my boys, we will aim at the damned Presbyterian church. Well, my brave fellows, one shot more and the house of God will fall before you." While he was thus venting his hellish rage, and setting himself as it were against heaven, the Almighty was on our side—not a ball struck or wounded an individual person, although they went through our houses in almost every direction when filled with women and children ; under God, our little party at the waterside performed wonders, for they soon made themselves masters of both the schooners, the cutter, the two barges and the boat, and every man in them, and all that pertained to them. In the action, which lasted several hours, we lost but one man—two others wounded, one of whom is since dead, the other very slightly wounded. We took the man-of-war's men, thirty-five , several were wounded and one since dead. Twenty-four were sent to head quarters —the remainder being impressed from this and the neighboring towns, were permitted to return to their friends. Next day, Capt. Lindzee warped off with but half his men, never a prize, boat nor tender, except a small skiff the wounded lieutenant returned in." Upon receiving intelligence of this attack, Major Magaw, with a battalion of Continental riflemen, was immediately ordered from Cambridge to Gloucester, for the protection of the place, and, a few days after his arrival, he reported : "The inhabitants have

nearly completed a small fort, to mount six nine pounders; their spirit seems equal to their abilities."

During the revolutionary war, and down through the struggles of the present century, Gloucester performed her duty in a patriotic manner. We might give evidence of this, but one extract from the Salem Register, is all we can find room for. "September 8, 1814, about 2 o'clock, three barges from the British frigate Tenedos, with about sixty men, went into Sandy Bay, surprised the garrison at the small fort at that place, (consisting of only ten men, with one eighteen and three six pounders,) spiked the guns, and took the men on board their barges, before the alarm could be given; but five of them jumped overboard and escaped to the shore—so that only five were carried off. By this time some of the inhabitants had collected, and began to ring the bell at the Meeting House to give the alarm, when a carronade was discharged from one of the barges towards the Meeting House which did not reach it, and a second was fired with a double charge, which started the wood-ends of the barge, and she immediately filled. Her crew made for the shore, and thirteen of them (among whom were a sergeant of marines and four privates,) were made prisoners, but the commander of the barge (a Lieutenant) and seven or eight men, made their escape, took a small fishing boat, and probably returned to the frigate. None was wounded on either side. The garrison consisted of a part of Captain Haskell's Gloucester company of militia. The guns were not injured and were again mounted at the Fort. The barge had on board a carronade, and a number of muskets, pistols, &c., which together with the boat, were saved The boats were piloted in by a Cape And fisherman, who, it is said, had been captured by the frigate and compelled to go in with them." Like all the towns in this vicinity, at the conclusion of the difficulties,

she was prostrate, and had not recovered for years afterwards.

Gloucester, or the Harbor, is finely located on the south side of the Cape, and is compactly built. Opposite, on what is called Eastern Point, a point of land making out by the town, protecting it from the northwest, is East Gloucester It is one of the most beautiful places along the coast, and when visited in the summer, no town can more favorably impress the stranger. It is not very regularly laid out, most of the streets running to accommodate the irregularity of the sea shore, but yet they are sufficiently straight to show to good advantage, and to bring most of the dwellings on an angle with each other. The town, within a few years past, has acquired celebrity as a watering place. There are locations in the immediate vicinity of the compact portions of the town, that cannot be surpassed, in point of healthiness and attraction — spots retired from the bustle of business, with fine beaches for bathing, splendid views of town and harbor, and fine rambles in the back ground.

There are many eminences about here from which grand prospects may be obtained. Beacon Hill and Governor's Hill afford the most extended views of the Atlantic ocean, with the various descriptions of vessels and steamers passing out and in from the harbor of Boston. These views by the aid of a good glass, embrace Ipswich Bay, Portsmouth and Newburyport, and a vast extent and amount of interesting scenery, making as a whole a panorama unsurpassed in the world.

Gloucester has rapidly increased within a few years past. In population it cannot fall short of 10,000, making it the largest town in the State. Last year there were upwards of one hundred houses erected, and this year the number will be larger. In the fisheries she stands the first in the world,

and in foreign commerce she employs a large capital in car goes, vessels and capital, and ranks the third in importance in Massachusetts, and the sixth in New England. In 1856 there were 203 arrivals from foreign ports—56 foreign vessels and 147 American. The following were among the importations:—

3.212.926 lbs. sugar,	42.218 cords wood,
501.656 g. molass.,	861.923 feet lumber.

The tonnage of her vessels was 30 744. Number of ships 18, schooners 320. The return of her fishing vessels was 68.000 bbls. mackerel, 98.000 quintals of fish, and 25.000 lbs. halibut. The fishing business employed a capital of $1.200.000. The statistics for the present year will exceed these at least twenty per cent. This business gives employment to a large number, and supplies our navy with some of its best seamen. With one of the best harbors in the world, with the means of extending their business to any point, there is no reason why this town may not grow in commercial importance to take a high position among our cities. But there are other branches of business which occupy her people. In small manufactures, in mechanical trades, she is not behind her neighbors; and all around the town are evident marks of a progress that will not stop until it has done something toward developing the advantages of the place. The taste displayed in her public buildings, in church edifices, in school houses, in the town house, and above all in the excellent custom house and post office, show a regard for the future commendable, and encouraging to all.

It would be pleasant, did time permit, to extend our journey to the extensive granite quarries of Rockport, (formerly a part of Gloucester, incorporated in 1840,) where most of the stone used in this region is obtained, and ride along by the sea coast with its innumerable points, and coves and

beaches, by the little villages, nestling in the rocky beds, or up to "Squam Common," as it is called, to see the rocking stone, weighing over a hundred tons, so poised that a child can rock it, or to "Dogtown Commons," an area of several square miles in the interior and higher grounds of the Cape, so tumultuously heaped with rocks as not to afford sustenance, nor even footing for any useful animal, and to other points of interest which abound here, but we must leave the pleasant town, with its intelligent, its social, its industrious people, who lack in nothing, if they have determination, to raise themselves to an eminence that will give to the Cape a character above that she enjoyed in the earliest history of our Commonwealth.

AMESBURY BRANCH.

This commences at East Salisbury, and runs up, on the summit of the hills, that make the northerly bank of the Merrimac river. The scenery, after we pass from this station, possesses no features attractive to the traveller. Woods and field, and now and then a farm house, with its well cultivated patches, trim and neat barns and fences, and happy children playing around, pass before us. We soon arrive at

SALISBURY POINT,

3 miles from the junction, 1 mile from Amesbury.

The part of Salisbury called the Point, stretches upon a tongue of land between the Merrimac and Powow rivers, that slopes to the Merrimac, which here widens to a beautiful bay, and is one of the loveliest spots in creation, where formerly ship-building, and those trades connected therewith, were carried on, but which now sleeps quietly with its head upon the hill and its feet washed by the gentle waters. It is one of the most pleasant spots in Christendom; and we are glad to see and learn that the enterprise and spirit of other days is awakening the industrial energies upon its shore; and the people, behind none in morality, intelligence and economy — the true foundation for prosperity — are alive to improvement.

This, with the Mills Village, and East Salisbury, spoken of on page 98, comprises the whole township. Leaving the manufacturing interests, half of which are in Amesbury, to

be spoken of in that place, we will refer to its principal occupations. Next to the mills, which by far employ the largest number, the manufacture of leather is a considerable business. The several tanneries and currying establishments give work to quite a number. Shoe making is also pursued to a considerable extent. Next after leather and shoes, is the building of vessels and boats. Salisbury was once noted for the high character of its ships — no better were launched anywhere. Large freighting ships and even frigates have been built here; and twenty years ago there were perhaps a hundred carpenters in the town. On the Point-shore the road was always full of timber, and the axes were swinging almost within reach of each other from one bridge to the other; and now there is not a place in the county that could build a better vessel, or one so cheap. The putting up of a couple of 1000 ton ships at the Point, for which they have plenty of capital and workmen, instead of two 40 ton boats, would make a great difference in the place each year.

There are some branches of manufactures, such as a sash and door factory, that can employ 15 hands; three coopers' shops, with 8 workmen, that manufacture 1800 casks a year; four wheelwrights' shops, with 9 hands; three soap and candle factories, with 6 hands; two tin ware shops, with 6 workmen, and a glue factory with 4 workmen.— There is also one manufactory for making felt hats, that gives work to quite a large number of men and women. Its sea-faring is principally confined to fishing. It has no foreign commerce, though it furnishes some captains and men for other ports; its coastwise business is confined to two or three small vessels. Its farms are generally good; not equal to those of Newbury or West Newbury or Andover and Danvers, but yet yielding well for the labor bestowed; and particularly has it abundant resources for hay.

The above comprise most of the industrial pursuits and the avails thereof in the town. There are some points in which Salisbury compares very favorably with her neighbors; and especially in this — she has an intelligent, moral, industrious and frugal population. If there are no great establishments for labor, they are always employed about something. If there are no very rich men there, neither are there many poor ones. If the town does not make a great display, it does not have heavy taxes; and if individuals do not generally earn great amounts, as in some other adventurous places, they have no great demands for money; for there is not a town in the Commonwealth where a man can live so comfortably or so pleasantly on the same income, as he can there. Five thousand dollars is as good an estate on the north side of the river as fifteen thousand dollars is on the south, and that is about equal to $50,000 in Boston. Upon the whole, therefore, we doubt, if the quiet enjoyment of life is desirable, whether any town is to be preferred to it.

From this on the scenery changes, and becomes most charmingly picturesque. Hill and valley, forest and field, with the villages distant and near, are brought within the view, and on our left, close by, runs the beautiful Powow, through the valley, in its serpentine course. But we are cut off from its further enjoyment, for here we are at the station in

AMESBURY,

4 miles from the junction.

This town, at its incorporation, in 1668, was named *Almsbury*, as appears from the old records, after a town in Wiltshire, England. It was originally a parish in Salisbury, and called Newtown to distinguish it from Salisbury Oldtown,

which is opposite Newburyport. For farming it is a better township than Salisbury; it has better land, and is generally better cultivated. Its surface is rather uneven, and upon the gentle acclivities of its hills are some of the finest patches of soil in the county. Some of its high land, as Whittier, Bear, and Powow hills, give extensive prospects, and with its warm valleys, its ponds, and its streams, the scenery is withal rather romantic and beautiful.

Like most of our towns, it is subdivided into villages. It has the *Ferry*, that takes its names from the ancient ferry from Newbury, in use before the Merrimac was spanned by bridges, located where the serpentine Powow unites with the Merrimac; its *Mills* village where the factories are, and its *West Parish* or Jamaica, that has recently had a more rapid growth than any other section, from the increase of carriage manufactories. It has been proposed several times to form a new town, taking the Mills village, the Ferry and Salisbury Point, which together would give a population as large as either of the towns has now, and would be more compact and homogeneous; but old attachments have thus far prevailed over the new idea.

Formerly, the *Ferry* was a place of considerable trade and ship-building, and to some extent of ship-owning; and with the building of ships were the other necessary branches of trade, such as iron-working, mast and sail-making. It was here, in 1773, when the great tornado along the river, from Salisbury Point to Haverhill, swept all before it for the space of a mile wide, that two vessels were lifted from their blocks and carried through the air twenty-one feet; and a sail loft in which was a Capt. Smith of Beverly, was blown down, the pieces going in every direction, and the Captain picking himself up ninety-four feet from the sill, with one of his legs broken. That was one of the severest hurricanes experienc-

ed here since the settlement of the country. A hundred and fifty buildings were levelled to the earth, trees were uprooted, boards and planks were whirled through the air, and the river rolled up into heaps, as though it would swallow up the affrighted people upon its banks. Ship-building is nearly done there now, only one person being engaged in the business.

From the Ferry, you may turn to the left, following the Merrimac over one of the prettiest drives in the world, or to the right, keeping in sight the crooked Powow, as it creeps through the meadows, till you come to the Mills. If the latter, you pass the site of the old Puritan meeting-house, where almost two hundred years ago the gospel was dispensed, and of the old Academy, on to Powow Hill, one of the most sightly spots in this whole region, and which is often visited by strangers from distant parts, for the grand view it affords of the surrounding country. Standing upon this hill, in a clear day, the ocean is spread out before you, with the headlands, such as Boar's Head and Cape Ann; and the islands, as the Isles of Shoals and Plum Island; while the beaches at Hampton and Salisbury, the rivers—the Merrimac winding down to the ocean, and the little Powow, that bends at the base of the hill in the form of spectacles, and the ponds, bright sheets of silvery water, are all in view. Bordering the horizon, on all sides but the water, are distant hills in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts; and within reach of the eye are a multitude of towns and villages, in which may be counted some twenty-five or thirty churches. Looking southeasterly, there is as fine a panoramic view as can be obtained anywhere. Newburyport with its spires, cupolas, tree-lined streets, smoking factories, and beautiful shops, is so spread out by the side of the river that almost every house can be be distinguished. Then the meadows open away down to the mouth of Ipswich river, where the

light houses are seen. Inside of these are the woodlands, fields and hills; and outside, the waters of the bay, with the rocks of Cape Ann rolling back the waves of the Atlantic, and the villages that nestle in the coves upon its northern shore. As we were spending an hour there recently, a gentleman came up the hill, who had visited twenty-four states of this Union, the Canadas, and a considerable portion of Europe, who yet affirmed that this was the finest view he had ever seen, and that he often came here to enjoy scenery more delightful than had elsewhere greeted his vision.

No great can be said of the beauty of the Mills; the land is uneven and the streets are irregular, but it is a busy, thrifty village, where are located the half dozen Woolen Factories, the works of the Salisbury Manufacturing Company. The village is on both sides of the river, and their Works are partly in Salisbury. The Powow is here a narrow and rapid stream, that in the space of fifty rods falls seventy feet, over five dams. It was early seen that its power was valuable, and in the last century it was used in the manufacturing of mechanical and agricultural tools, which were extensively made in connection with a smelting furnace here. Here, too, Jacob Perkins first set up his machinery for cutting and heading nails, about sixty years ago. The water was somewhat uncertain in summer, and Kimball's Pond was dammed for a reservoir, and more than a hundred years since a canal was cut therefrom to the river—partly tunnelled under a hill—to supply any deficiency.

The first factories were built—those of the Amesbury Company—in 1822, with a capital of $200,000. More recently the companies have united under the name of the *Salisbury*, and have a capital of $661,000. For many years their operations were profitable—they were the best conducted Woolen Works of the country, and under successful management,

they not only turned out the best flannels and satinets in the market, and had the best operatives, most of whom were born in the vicinity, or were the first class of English and Scotch immigrants, and the stock kept up 40 per cent. above par.

The South and West Parishes are the great places in this county, for the manufacture of carriages and horse-"fixings." The carriage factories, twenty in number, employ 300 hands, and the annual value produced is $300,000. The making of carriage wheels, &c, employs 30 more, and a capital of $30,000; and the value of springs, axletrees, harnesses and collars, is put down at $15,000 a year additional. Among the other branches of industry, are two tanning and currying establishments, that employ 11 hands and tan 4000 hides a year; and boot and shoe making to the value of $30,000 annually, which employs according to the Assessors returns last year, 54 males and 40 females; probably it does many more than that.

These pursuits, with farming, are the industrial reliance of the people, who are stated in Mr. Newhall's *Essex Memorial*, to 'belong to the productive class; very few being raised above the necessity for personal exertions. All are active and industrious, readily find employment, and command good wages. They have been distinguished for their zeal in the cause of temperance, and there has not been, for many years, a single licensed grocer in the town.' It was in Amesbury that Hon. Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards Governor of New Hampshire, was born and studied medicine. Many of his descendants live there now. The most distinguished person now residing in the town, is the Quaker poet, philanthropist, and editor, John Greenleaf Whittier—a man of heaven's noblest make, as modest as he is noble, whom no one can see

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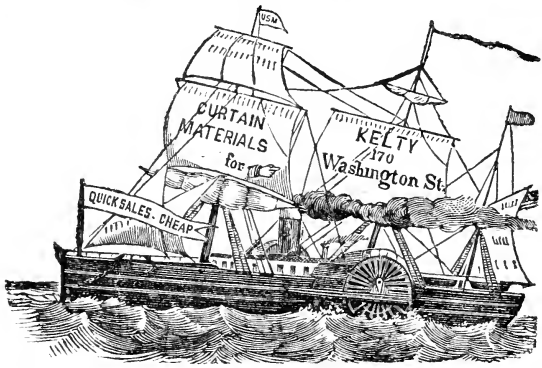

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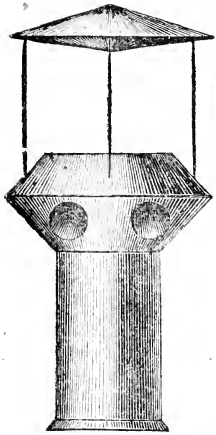

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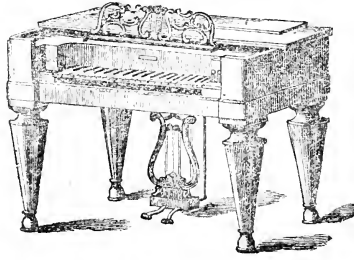

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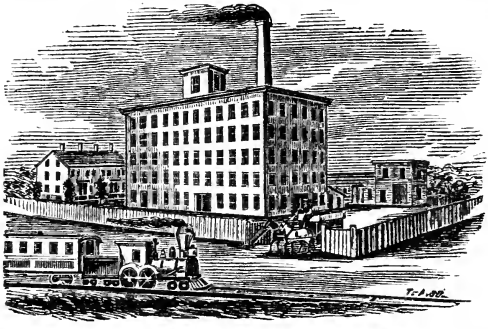

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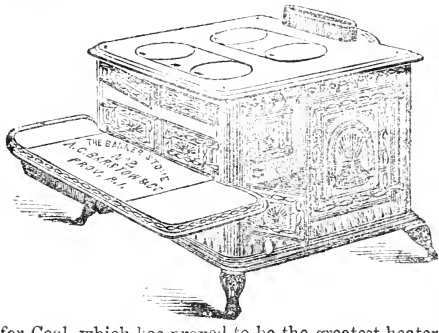

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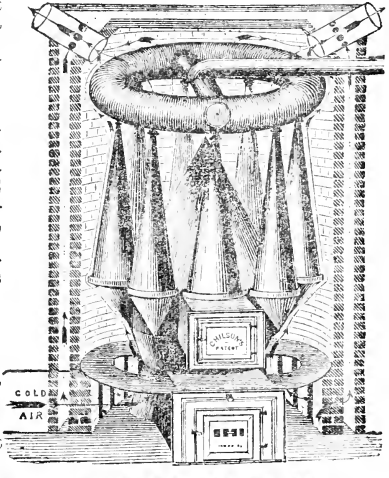

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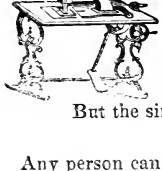

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Any person can learn to use them in an hour by the directions sent - making a Lock stitch stronger than hand work, *that cannot be unravelled or pulled out*—and alike on both sides of the work, forming no ridge on the under side, They will **stitch and gather** *with any sized stitch* desired. They run *easier*, causing less fatigue, and consequently *can be run as fast as any other sewing machine. They make less noise* than any machine made, hence their popularity among the families. They are every way reliable, and can be *run years without a single repair.* They are constructed for *convenience*, being connected with a

BEAUTIFUL WORK TABLE.

and they are easily oiled, and so arranged that the *work cannot touch the oiled parts.* ANY SPOOL of COTTON, large or small, can be used, as bought at the store, and they will

SEW ONE HUNDRED YARDS

WITHOUT THREADING A NEEDLE OR BREAKING THE THREAD.

—o—

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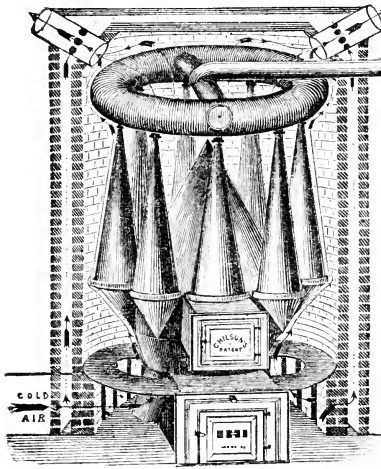

in use during the last cold winter, has proved it an invaluable invention, which far surpasses all plans before known, for the purposes of heat. The manner of holding, or keeping back the smoke and gases in a cluste of cones, (or tapering radiators) near the fire, into which the formerly wasted products of combustion are returned and completely consumed. The consequent unparalleled economy of fuel and great heating power combined with simplicity and ease of management and its solidity, strength and durability, is working a complete revolution in the science of housewarming despite the immense efforts made by persons whose pecuniary interests are being affected by its general use.—

We are satisfied that all who can see, or obtain correct information respecting the cone furnance, will not be likely to use any other apparatus. This Furnace has received the highest commendations from all, and especially from persons of the greatest scientific knowledge in such matters: it received the first premium. and the ONLY GOLD MEDAL EVER AWARDED A FURNACE in this State at the last Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association held in Boston. We have, as usual, a full assortment of Chilson's well known Trio Portable Furnaces, and Trio Stoves Cooking Ranges, Mantels, Grates, Registers, Ventilators, &c., and continue to give personal attention to erecting Furnaces, Ranges, and the ventilation of buildings in every part of the country.

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